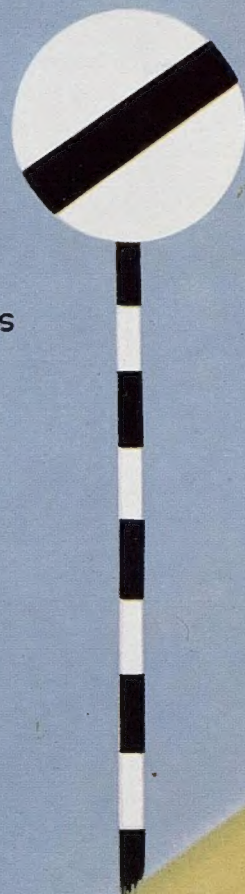


THE TATLER

& BYSTANDER

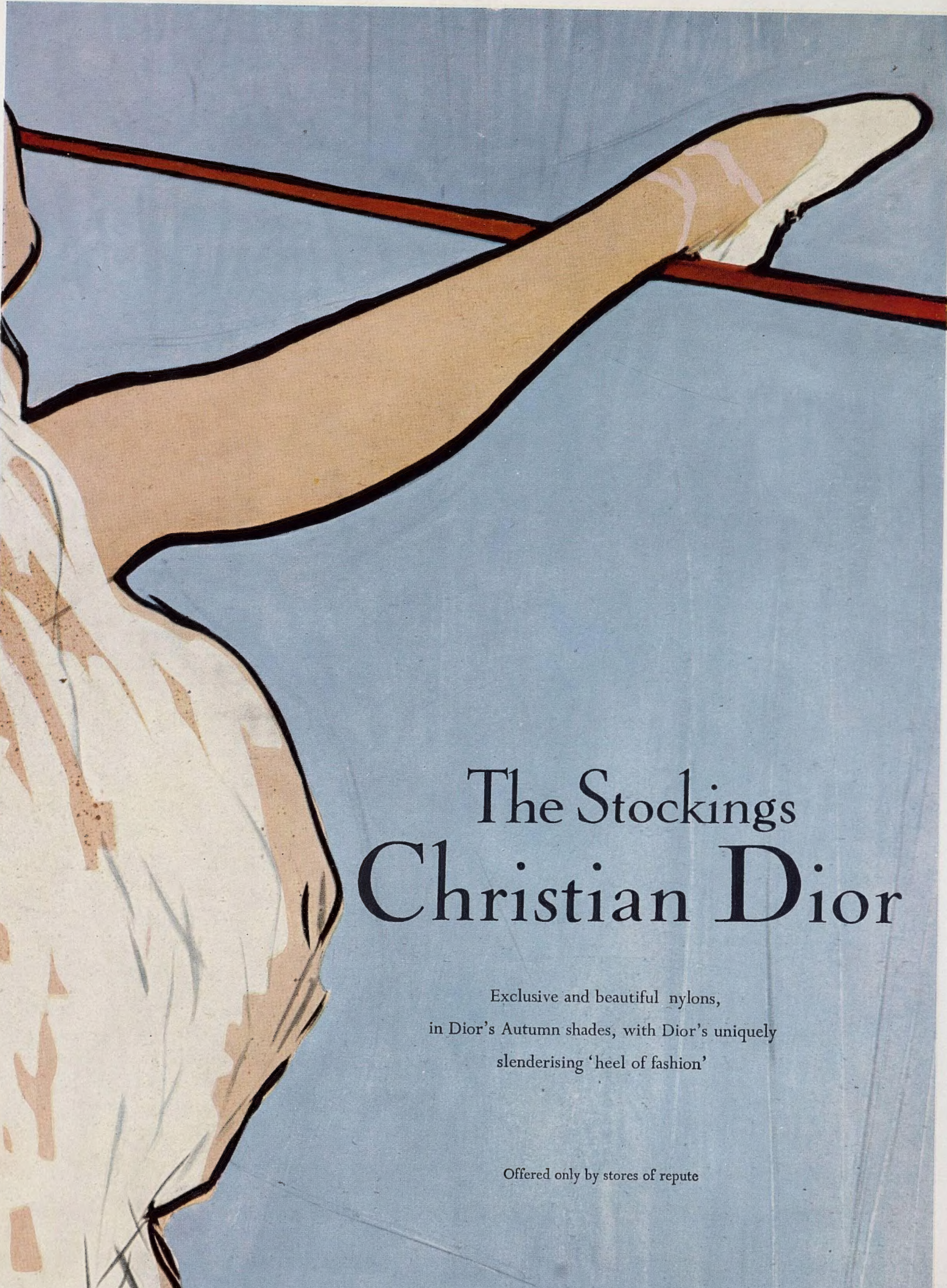
OCTOBER 20, 1954

TWO SHILLINGS



*Motor Show
Number*





The Stockings Christian Dior

Exclusive and beautiful nylons,
in Dior's Autumn shades, with Dior's uniquely
slenderising 'heel of fashion'

Offered only by stores of repute

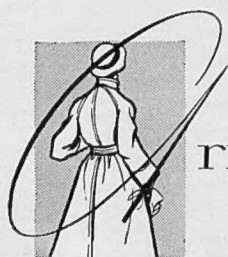
*the name
of authority.*

in furs

Bradleys

2 WELBECK STREET, W.1

Bradleys threequarter coat of dyed kolinsky



arrive in style

"Clementine"—a stylish travel coat which takes its rightful place just anywhere and everywhere.

In a luxurious pure wool velour dyed to an exclusive camel shade—then, most important of all, showerproofed for rainy days. About 8 gns.

arrive in *Valstar*

Stocked by most of the better shops and stores. If in difficulty write to VALSTAR LTD., SALFORD 6, LANCASHIRE, or 314 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.



Women of discernment find delight in a Compact of Character by **KIGU**

The KIGU Party Case open and closed

These and other KIGU compacts are stocked by High-class Stores and Jewellers

Good Food looks as good as it tastes



Fluted Casserole:
Size 5 (1 Pt.) - 22/3

This Royal Worcester Gold or Silver Lustre Ware is not just for special occasions, but can be given really hard use. It retains its clear white interior after years of wear by simply washing after use.

Everyone agrees that even the best-cooked meal takes on added piquancy when well presented. That is the great charm of Royal Worcester Gold or Silver Lustre Fireproof Porcelain. It cooks well . . . and it looks well in any setting.



Deep Souffle Case:
Size 3 (1 1/2 Pt.) - 14/3



Coffee Pot: Size 4 (1 pt.)
23/6

Coffee
Cup &
Saucer:
10/6



Hot Milk Jug:
Size 5 (1 1/2 pt.)
18/6



Round Fluted Pie Dish:
Size 1 (1/2 Pt.) - 12/6

Here is ovenware that you can cook in—roast, stew, poach or grill—and then serve direct to the table.

At breakfast, or after dinner, this Gold or Silver Lustre coffee service will enhance the occasion.

ROYAL WORCESTER gold or silver lustre FIREPROOF PORCELAIN

- ★ Does not craze
- ★ Guaranteed against oven breakage
- ★ Will not stain — even the teapot stays tannin-free
- ★ Serve direct from kitchen to table

Write for "Cookery with Royal Worcester", a contemporary miniature recipe book specially compiled by Miss Georgie Rodgers, Principal of the Grosvenor School of Cookery.

THE WORCESTER ROYAL PORCELAIN CO. LTD (DEPT. T), WORCESTER

maxwelle

the reward of exclusiveness is perfection

originals



each skirt separately cut * hand finished * individually styled in fine cloths * backs lined to prevent seating

These hand-made skirts are obtainable at the finest shops and stores throughout the country

ENQUIRIES TO MAXWELLE ORIGINALS, 7-11 CAVENDISH PLACE, LONDON, W.1

By Appointment Makers of Weatherproof



Clothing to the late King George VI



This Week's News from BURBERRYS

The young lady in our picture wears a charming fitted coat in yellow tweed. It has a full skirt, novelty collar and patch pockets, and the price is £35. 3s. 9d. Her escort's topcoat in Irish tweed herringbone is available in a large choice of colours, for town and country wear. Price £28. 10s. 3d.

Hats, footwear and accessories by Burberrys.

Write for Burberrys' catalogue of garments, travel and sports accessories,
and for details of goods on approval.

HAYMARKET LONDON S.W.1

Telephone: WHItchall 3343

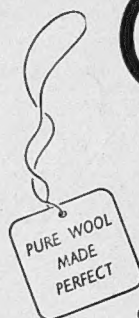
BURBERRYS LTD.



**enduring
comfort
and charm**

Chilprufe House Coats and Dressing Gowns, delightfully embroidered, are most attractive. Also available, in a selection of pastel shades, there are Night-dresses, Bed Jackets, and Dressing Jackets.

combine with protection in Chilprufe Underwear for Ladies. A safeguard against colds and chills, the soft, non-irritant, pure wool fabric retains its shape, colour and texture throughout repeated washings.



Chilprufe for ladies

Also Children's Underwear, Outerwear, Tailored Coats, Shoes, Toys, and Men's Pure Wool Underwear. Ask your Chilprufe Agent, or write for ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

CHILPRUFE LIMITED LEICESTER

The ideal gift for all occasions . . .

A BOX OF ALLWOOD'S CUT CARNATIONS

always just right and appreciated at all times in joy and in sorrow

DIRECT FROM
THE LARGEST GROWERS

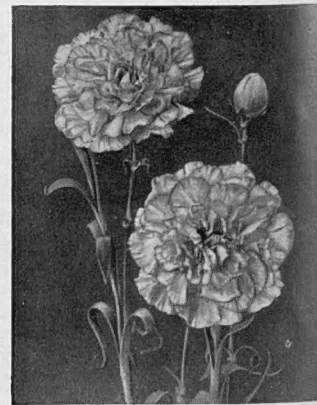
and dispatched by experts, the flowers arrive fresh as the dew in the morning. Specially selected colours or unique mixed shades, which are not seen in the florists' shops

From 1 Gn. to 5 Gns. per box

LET US QUOTE YOU FOR A
REGULAR WEEKLY SUPPLY

Quantity in box according to prevailing wholesale market prices

ONE QUALITY ONLY — THE BEST!
Write for large Catalogue of all kinds of Carnations,
Pinks and Dianthus



Allwood Bros
LTD.

Carnation Specialists (Cut Flower Dept.)
3 HAYWARDS HEATH, SUSSEX Wivelsfield 232 & 233



*Beautiful dreamer... one of the
galaxy of lovely things in
'Celanese' TRADE MARK Fabrics*

Asprey



By Appointment
Silversmiths & Jewellers
to the late King George VI

For gifts that will be treasured

Minton china
Breakfast-in-Bed Set.
Pink or Pale Green.
£6 . 12 . 6



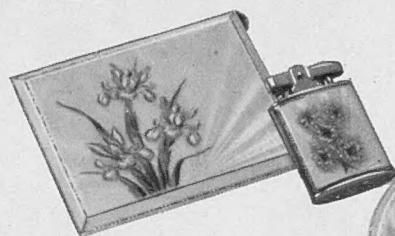
Folding Bed Table,
various pastel
shades with floral
prints. £3 . 12 . 6



Lightweight Beauty
cases in Black Patent
leather, natural or
tan Luxan Hides
from £14 . 17 . 6



Black Antelope Handbags
with black lacquer and
Marcasite frames, from
£53 . 10 . 0



Enamelled
Silver Cigarette Case.
£33 . 12 . 6

Enamelled Silver
Pocket Lighter to
match. £10 . 17 . 6
Decorated with
Floral designs.



Enamelled
Silver
Vanity
Case
£20 . 7 . 6



Real Tortoiseshell
Party cases, from
£53 . 10 . 0

8 day Swiss
Alarm Clock
in leather case.
£11 . 5 . 0



Real Tortoise-
shell Handbag Mirror.
£6 . 10 . 0

Real Tortoiseshell Pocket
combs. £12 . 0 . 0



Whisky Cabinet as 3 books
"History of Scotland" in
tooled leather. £30 . 7 . 6

Write for Christmas Catalogue to:—

ASPREY & COMPANY LTD • 165/169 New Bond St • London W1 Tel: HYDe Park 6767

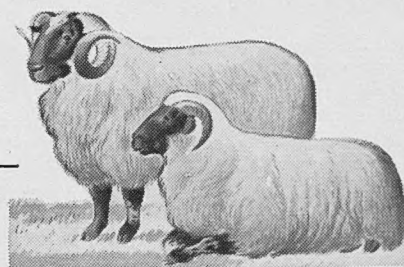


THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

CHANEL

Nature's Masterpieces

can be
instantly
recognised –
–so can



HARRIS TWEED

A masterpiece of Man and Nature

THIS IS HOW

Look for the Harris Tweed Trade Mark.
It is approved by the Board of Trade as
a Certification Mark, and guarantees
that the tweed to which it is applied
is made from virgin Scottish wool, spun,
dyed, handwoven and finished in the
Outer Hebrides. No other tweed is en-
titled to bear this Mark.



LOOK FOR THIS MARK ON THE CLOTH

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL ON THE
GARMENT

Issued by
THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LIMITED



A short evening dress in black silk organza,

the skirt over heavy black satin.

The bodice is covered with grey Chantilly lace

and the cummerbund waist is finished with a spray of red roses.

Model Department . . first floor

JENNERS
PRINCES STREET EDINBURGH
LIMITED



Miss Terry

haute couture

Ideal for "Tidy Country" or Town, this impeccably tailored two-piece is of Angora-mixture Jersey Tweed in the light and dark shades of several rich colours such as a real Turquoise, Robins' Egg Green, Pink-Smoke, Powder Blue, Clerical and Cherry, with matching velvet or grosgrain facings. Also, of course, the Browns and plain Black (very neat with Black velvet). In small, medium and large sizes.

Also in stock with stitched sunray pleated skirt at the same price 19½ gns.

Miss Terry designs enchanting hats to go with every ensemble—as ever all at £4.19.6 each

53 Beauchamp Place, Knightsbridge,
London, S.W.1 Kensington 1909

A fat chance of slimming

It isn't . . . it can't be Sally Brown!

Well it is, darling. Why the surprise?

I never saw such a change in anyone. You've got so slim. I hardly recognised you coming down the street.

Yes, I suppose I have. I can't have seen you since Mary Smith's party when that new doctor's wife was telling me all about it.

No riddles now. What 'it'?

Well, you know I'd resigned myself to middle age spread and putting on an inch a year until I got to 80 or so?

I do indeed—and I with you.

Anyway, I was airing the awful possibility to this woman and saying 'You wait till you get to my age' and it turned out she was five years older and just looked the picture of youth and vitality because she uses a Rallie.

A what?

A Rallie Health Belt—the most marvellous home massage treatment you can imagine. Of course, I wrote off for one at once and you can see what it's done for me.

I can certainly do that. But how does it work?

The easiest thing in the world—a Belt that you put on and manipulate for precisely five minutes a day. No violent exercise—no diet—and all finished and done with either first thing in the morning or last at night.

If it can do half as much for me, I can't wait to get one.

And I feel so much fitter. John is so overcome, he's started using it too in self defence. He's taken two inches off his middle already and still going strong.

Honestly! All I want to know now is—how can I get one?

Oh! That's simple enough—they'll send you an interesting Illustrated Booklet if you write to

RALLIE HEALTH APPLIANCES LTD.

(Dept. 231A), 314 Euston Road, London, N.W.1



BY APPOINTMENT
Mintons Ltd., China Manufacturers to the late King George V

MINTON

*The World's
Most Beautiful
China*

MINTONS LTD

EST 160 YEARS

STOKE-UPON-TRENT



By Appointment
Naval Outfitters
to the late
King George VI
ESTABLISHED 1785

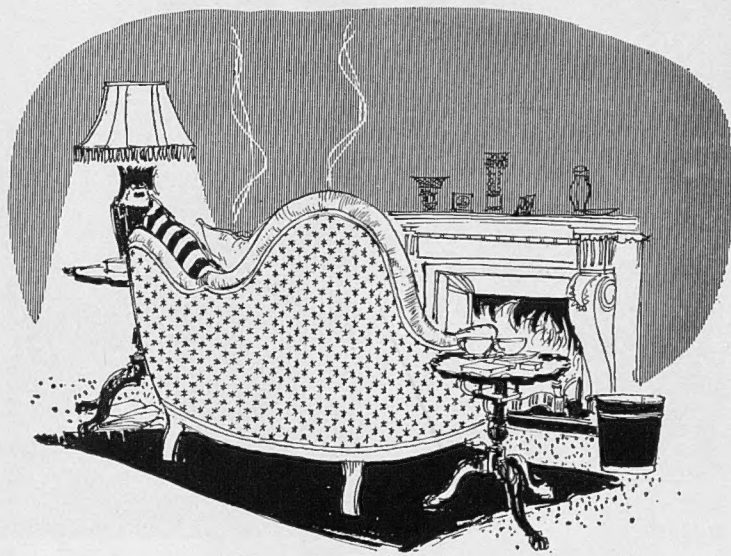


Donegal tweed suit, hand-tailored by Gieves, for town or country. Made to measure, about 32 guineas, tax included.

Gieves

LIMITED

27 Old Bond Street London W1
Telephone: HYDe Park 2276



*Two's Company . . .
with PLAYER'S
No. 3*

*The Quality
Cigarette*



[3P 121B]

After 25—
DRY SKIN

gives you that
"getting older" look

Do you notice rough, flaky patches, tiny lines on your face?

These warning signs mean that the natural oil of your skin has started to decrease. By the time you are 40, you may lose as much as 20 per cent. of this precious oil. Offset this loss by using Pond's Dry Skin Cream, extra effective because:

- 1 It is rich in lanolin, very like the skin's own oil
- 2 It is homogenized to soak in
- 3 It has a softening emulsifier

Lanolin-soften by night. After cleansing, smooth Pond's Dry Skin Cream generously over your face. Massage it in, leaving a softening film all night. Lines and roughness are smoothed away.

Lanolin-protect by day. If your skin is very dry, stroke in a touch of Pond's Dry Skin Cream before you make up, and be sure of soothing protection. Economical in use.

DRY SKIN?

This is the answer



Thick-knit SWEATERS

News in knitwear—
smart country casuals with
the new 'easy look'

Top:

'Cross-over Neck'—our
success sweater with long
sleeves. Ice blue, sun-gold,
geranium, tan, peacock
blue.
34, 36, 38 in. bust. 49/6

'Polo Neck'—perfect for
weekend wear. Wrist
length sleeves. Heavy
rib in white, royal,
primrose, ice,
cherry, emerald.
black. 34, 36,
38 in. bust.

69/6

Post free. Write or
phone MAYfair 6373

Fenwick
of Bond St.
FENWICK Ltd. 63 New Bond St. W.1

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE



present

Ferrina shoes

designed by Ferragamo

1 Classic Court in Black Suede
or Gunmetal Kid. Selected skins
of highest grade. Note New Heel.

Price £6.19.6 post free

2 Soft-tie "Ferrina" with Gloved
Arch to ensure perfect fitting.
In Black or Brown Suede.

Price £5.5.0 post free

3 An easy Casual of distinct
charm with the "Ferrina" Gloved
Arch as illustrated.

In Black or Navy Suede.
Price £5.5.0 post free



1



2



3

at

MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE
OXFORD STREET
W.1.

Other Ferragamo models are illustrated
in our Shoe Catalogue free on request

LADIES SHOE SALON GROUND FLOOR

Small Size SPECIALITY SHOP...



Wrap Coat, so cosy for motoring
yet smart enough for any town
occasion, in a new attractive
basket-weave material—"Tweed
Velour." Olive green/brown, tan/
black or two-toned grey.

16 gns.

Personal shoppers only

Fourth Floor



Swan & Edgar

Swan & Edgar Ltd., Piccadilly Circus, W.1

Regent 1616



TIPTREE

marmalade

Top of the Tree for *FLAVOUR*



TAWNY

A full flavoured Seville orange marmalade that makes breakfast time sheer delight. It contains peel a-plenty in luscious glistening chunks.

In 1 lb. jars 1/9d.

TIPTREE

Made specially for those who prefer a somewhat milder marmalade. Made with Seville oranges of course. The really tender peel is in delicate medium cut shreds.

In 1 lb. jars 1/9d.

By Appointment Jam Manufacturers
to the late King George VI



WILKIN & SONS LTD., TIPTREE, ESSEX
Name of nearest stockist on request to Dept. 3



No, darling, he isn't swearing—that's just what the French say when the waiter takes more than two minutes to bring their Lillet. Lillet, darling, Lillet. It's the most heavenly apéritif. You mean to tell me you've never tasted it? Zut, alors, as they say, you must have one at once. Garçon!



LILLET is the finest and the most exhilarating of all apéritifs. It is a matured blend of white wines, is made exclusively in one small region of France, and is preferred by intelligent gastronomes all over the world. Drink Lillet on its own with ice and a sliver of lemon—or with one-third gin.

NAILS! BREAKING and INFECTED

Discoloured, infected, breaking, destroyed Nails and inflamed Cuticles! Are you in despair with any of these troubles? We specialise and offer you unique treatment either by post or in our Salon. Call or send stamped envelope, stating particulars of your trouble, to:—

THE HAND & NAIL INSTITUTE
35 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

Tel.: Hyde Park 7561 • Established 25 years
Coraline Healthline from Boots or direct 3/6

GORDON LOWES

Write for our Booklets on
"To The Snows," "Country Clothes," "Badminton And Squash"
Well known skier to advise



Norwegian Fisherman's Sweater in oiled wool, warm and very tough 35/-.
Wool Cap 12/6. Exceptionally fine selection of Winter Sports clothes, Ski, etc., for men and women.

Post orders have our prompt attention

21-23 Brompton Arcade, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.3
Telephone: KENington 4494/5 Cables: Gorlowe, London

It's GRAND to give...

Hawkins HANDYMIX

The Hawkins Handymix beats, mixes, whips to perfection, and in addition, mashes potatoes and other vegetables right at the stove. It has two gears for fast and slow rotation and three easily interchangeable stainless steel beaters. Attractively finished in a gleaming chromium and cream enamel—a wonderful time and labour saver.

PRICE COMPLETE £6.12.4

Ask your local dealer for easy payment terms, or write to:

HAWKINS OF DRURY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2



Visiting London?

600 SELF-CONTAINED SERVICE APARTMENTS
Each with own Bathroom and Kitchen with Fridge, Maid Service, etc. One room, two rooms or suite. In the heart of London. Comfortable, convenient. From £1.15 per day.

Write for brochure or phone
AMBassador 7733

PARK WEST
MARBLE ARCH • LONDON

ASK FOR LA RIVA

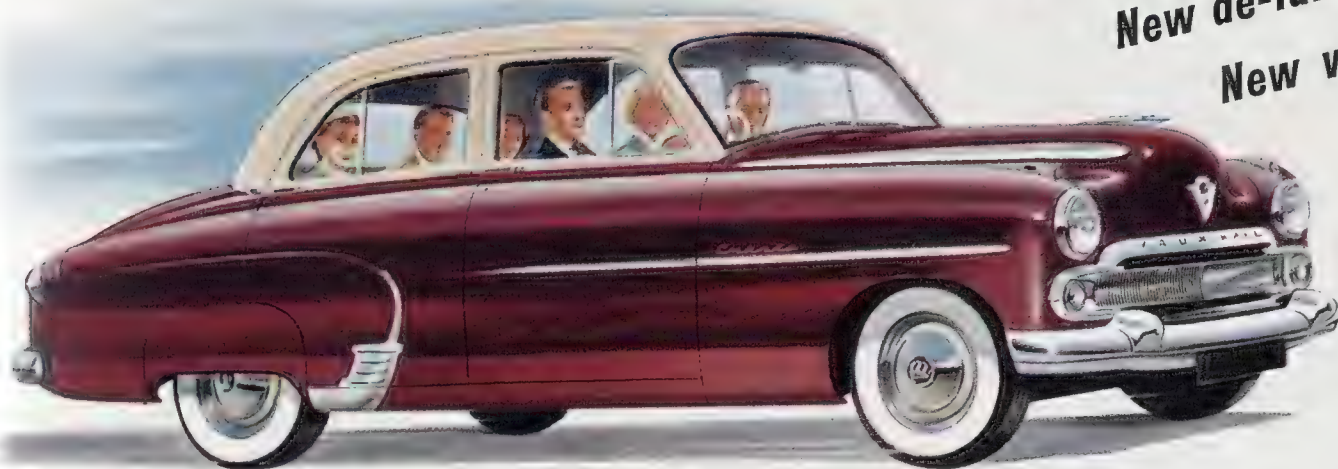


SPAIN'S
FINEST

**DRY
SHERRY**

Now! Three brilliant New Vauxhalls!

New styling
New colour schemes
New de-luxe interior
New value



The sparkling new Cresta

The new Vauxhall luxury model. Has all the verve of the Velox, plus added luxury in styling and appointments. Choice of 11 colours, including 4 two-colour options. Leather upholstery. Over 20 "accessories" fitted as standard equipment. Price £595 plus £249/0/10 P.T.

The new Vauxhalls are lovelier to look at; more delightful to drive; better than ever in performance and comfort and value.

See them at your Vauxhall dealers, and at the Show. Judge for yourself the new styling, inside and out, the new instrument panel, the new ventilating system, the radiant new colours. Make a special point of inspecting the CRESTA, the luxurious, superbly-appointed new-comer to the range.

All three Vauxhalls are spacious 5/6 seaters. All have long-life "square" engines. All have that outstanding flexibility and economy which denote Vauxhall engineering leadership. Vauxhall dealers are showing the new models NOW.

Spacious... Powerful... Economical

That's Vauxhall Value



THE 6-CYLINDER VELOX

Outstanding performance with unusually good economy. 2½ litre "square" engine. Choice of seven attractive exterior colours. Maximum speed over 80 m.p.h. Exceptional top gear performance. Price £535 plus £224/0/10 P.T.



THE 4-CYLINDER WYVERN

Outstanding economy with unusually good performance. 1½ litre "square" engine now available with optional high compression ratio (7.3 to 1). Maximum speed over 70 m.p.h. Price £495 plus £207/7/6 P.T.

Vauxhall Motors Limited • Luton • Bedfordshire

"Finished *your* housework, Mummy?"



Even in these labour-saving days running a house and home is a full-time job far removed from child's play. Yet what a difference there is between life in the home now and the 'slavery in steam' of grandmother's day.

The vacuum-cleaner has swept away the dustiness and weariness; the potted palms and strutting bamboo pedestals have passed to an unmourned oblivion; sunlight and air stream through the opened windows. Refrigerators protect our food . . . television entertains us . . . washing machines take the backache out of Monday; all the new-found arts and inventions combine to make the modern home more comfortable, more manageable, more attractive. Think of the Dunlopillo we sit and sleep on . . . Semtex flooring, superseding cold and hard-to-clean surfaces . . . gay Duvina plastic sheeting . . . cosy Cosimax hot water bottles . . . the new Polimul-based paints that delight the eye and lighten the heart. It is through these and many other products like them, that Dunlop has helped to make the home more inviting today than it has ever been.

DUNLOP *makes things better for everyone*



Ford sets the fashion

"I like to be distinctive
without being ostentatious. That's why
I chose a Zodiac."



Zephyr
ZODIAC

FORD 'FIVE-STAR' MOTORING



Dress by

Ronald Paterson

UNION-CASTLE

announce

SPECIAL REDUCTIONS

in RETURN FARES to

SOUTH AFRICA

33 $\frac{1}{3}$ %
OFF
FIRST CLASS

20%
OFF
CABIN CLASS

These reductions apply to outward voyages from Southampton by Mailship during April, May and June 1955; with option of return in August, September or October. Specimen return fares to Cape Town

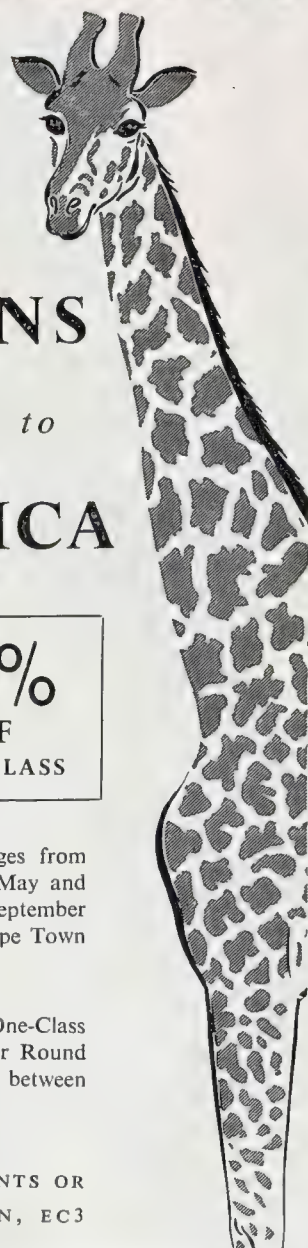
£154. 13. 4 First Class (A.4)

£116. 16. 0 Cabin Class (C.5)

ROUND AFRICA VOYAGES. First and One-Class (Cabin) Fares will be reduced by 25% for Round Africa voyages leaving London fortnightly between the beginning of May and early July.

Reduced Fares from £177.

FULL DETAILS FROM TRAVEL AGENTS OR
3 FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON, EC3



*Southampton to South Africa
every Thursday afternoon at 4.0*



In the all-encompassing sunshine of South Africa you can relax completely and watch the world go by.

What a happy thought — to relieve the tension in this sun-blessed land. What tonic properties you will find in a few weeks of contented indolence!

Footnote: there are no currency restrictions for visitors to South Africa. You may take what you like and spend as you wish.

• Write or call for literature and information or consult your Travel Agent. This office is at your service for free and friendly advice on holidays and travel in South Africa.



SATOUR SOUTH AFRICAN TOURIST CORPORATION

• 70 Piccadilly, London, W.1
• Telephone: Grosvenor 6235
• 475 Fifth Avenue, New York 17

For high-powered luxury—buy

Humber



HUMBER *Super Snipe*

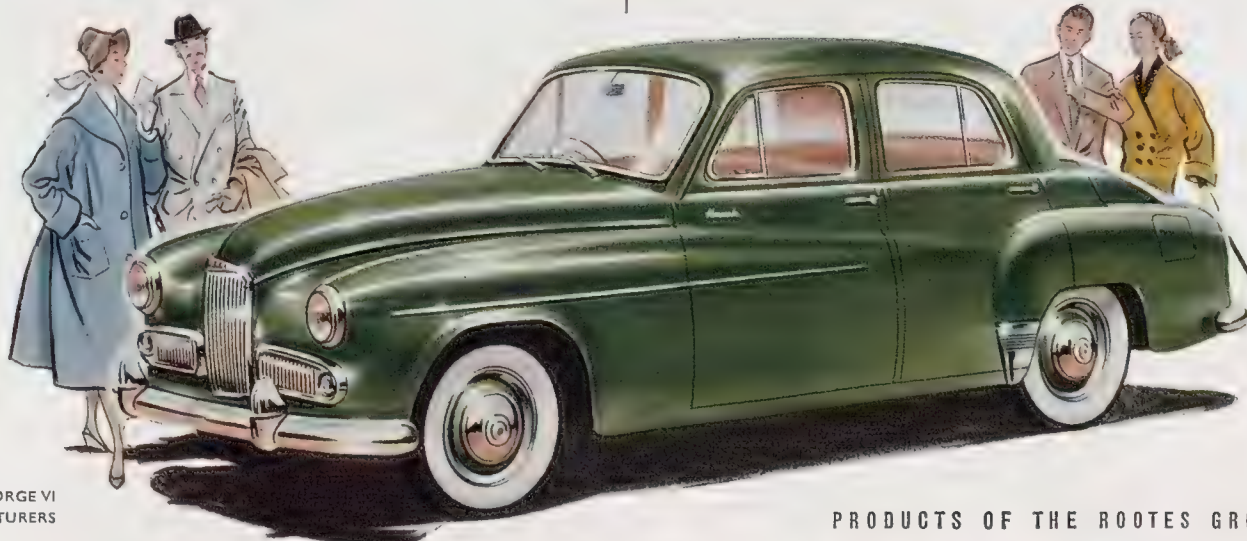
The most elegant of high performance cars bringing you the last word in motoring luxury. Foam soft seating, rich walnut fittings, innumerable refinements . . . all this and the famous Blue Riband engine giving exciting acceleration, effortless high speeds and a big margin for safety. Craftsman-built from bumper to bumper, the Super Snipe will give years of sustained performance and reliability.

Elegance, comfort and high performance at reasonable cost

With 20% more power, the new O.H.V. Hawk sweeps you way out ahead at over 80 miles an hour! Braking area increased by 40% for added safety, running is velvet-smooth. Yet cost is no higher than before.

You will revel in the spacious deep-seated comfort of the Hawk . . . its fluent lines . . . its new impeccable styling. Here is all the luxury, comfort and built-in quality of a truly great car.

NEW O.H.V. HUMBER *Hawk*



BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI
MOTOR CAR MANUFACTURERS
HUMBER LTD.

Humber Hawk now available
with **OVERDRIVE** (as an
extra) for petrol economy and
still better performance.

They're safe and fast—and built to last!*

* See them at Earl's Court Stand No. 158

White-wall tyres available as an extra.

SALES AND SERVICE IN 132 COUNTRIES

HUMBER LTD. COVENTRY LONDON SHOWROOMS & EXPORT DIVISION: ROOTES LTD., DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1

Mushroom Growth

"It's just a copy-caterpillar", said Alice.

"Being so many different sizes is very confusing," said Alice.

"It isn't," said the Caterpillar.

"Well," said Alice, "all I know is it makes me feel very queer."

"If that's all you know," said the Caterpillar, "no wonder you don't know what's good for you. Now, take this Guinness for example. No don't," it added quickly.

"I thought you took it for strength, not example," Alice observed.

"You do," said the Caterpillar, "I mean, *I* do. I just go on and on getting stronger—it's almost monotonous."

"For goodness sake," cried Alice, "don't you want to grow strong?"

"For Goodness sake," said the Caterpillar, "I would grow 80,000 acres of barley and lots and lots of lovely hops. But other people do that for Guinness so all I have to reap is the benefit."

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU



OCT. 20
1954

Volume CCXIV. No. 2780. TWO SHILLINGS
Postage: Inland 2½d. Canada 1½d. Foreign 3½d.

Registered as a newspaper for
transmission in the United Kingdom



Armstrong Jones

MISS MARY-ANNE HARE

ONE of this year's débutantes who will be remembered alike for her charm and grace is Miss Mary-Anne Hare, who is the elder daughter of the Hon. John Hare, O.B.E., M.P., a brother of the Earl of Listowel. Her mother, formerly the Hon. Beryl Nancy Pearson, is a sister of Viscount Cowdray



London's Own Concours D'Elégance, The Seasons Round In The Mall

*A Sight Without Equal
In The World's Capitals*

AS a processional way the Mall has no peer, but it is not only on occasions of ceremony that it comes into its own. Daily the cars of fashion and high style pour out from it before the gates of Buckingham Palace and round the Victoria Memorial, in a subdued, unrehearsed magnificence that stays long in the memory of the casual passer-by—especially if he be a visitor from overseas

THE QUEEN'S RETURN from her Deeside holiday to London was chief of many Royal occasions which have brought new life to the national scene in anticipation of the winter season

Jennifer's
Social Journal

SALUTE TO AN EMPEROR

THE Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh with their children, also Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, were all back in London to greet the Emperor of Ethiopia on his State visit. The Emperor, and his son the Duke of Harar, were met at Portsmouth by the Duke of Gloucester, and the Queen with the Duke of Edinburgh and other members of the Royal Family were at Victoria Station to welcome them. Her Majesty gave a State banquet at Buckingham Palace in the Emperor's honour. Whenever the Emperor appeared in public, as, for example, on his drive from the station and again on his drive to Guildhall, he received a great ovation from the crowds lining the route

SIR ALFRED BOSSOM, always a charming host, gave a delightful evening party at his home in Carlton Gardens. This was in honour of members of the Ballet du Théâtre National de l'Opéra de Paris who were nearing the end of their highly successful but all too short season in London. One of the first people I met at the party was Yvette Chauvire, the leading ballerina, who looked enchanting in a beaded satin dress. The French Ambassador was talking to Lady Salisbury-Jones and Mrs. Patrick de Laszlo, who looked pretty in old rose organza and a lovely ruby and diamond necklace.

Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones was nearby talking to his host, who also had his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. Clive and Lady Barbara Bossom, to help him entertain his guests. Lady Barbara, who is kept busy assisting with the many local organizations around their home in Kent, was looking sweet in a slim ballet length dress. She was talking to Sir Frank and Lady Sanderson who had recently been in Vienna with her and her husband when both Sir Frank and Mr. Clive Bossom were there on an official visit.

The Belgian Ambassador was a guest, also Lord and Lady Claud Hamilton and her son-in-law and daughter, Major and Mrs. Richard Sharples. Lord and Lady Cornwallis, the latter happily looking much better, wearing a beaded white satin evening dress, were in a group of friends including Commandant Georges Cuissant de Crelle, one of the most popular personalities at the Belgian Embassy, Lord Harris, and Lady Harris in a beautiful black lace crinoline.

At most of Sir Alfred Bossom's parties there are a large number of friends and colleagues from both Houses of Parliament, but this time the majority of them were away at Blackpool attending the annual Conservative Party Conference.

★ ★ ★

A FEW days before this party I had been to the Imperial Institute in South Kensington where Mr. Norman Robertson, the High Commissioner for Canada, had opened an exhibition of Sir Alfred Bossom's collection of arts and crafts from British Columbia. It is generally conceded that the British Columbian Indians are the most interesting aboriginal natives in the whole of the British

Empire, and in his many travels Sir Alfred has got together a most interesting and unique collection which everyone who has the opportunity should go and see. It will be on view at the Imperial Institute for two or three months.

★ ★ ★

BEFORE Sir Alfred's party I went out to Harringay to the Horse of the Year Show on the "Hunter" day, and watched Mr. Ronald Marmont's Cuff-link, ridden by his owner, judged "the Show Hunter of the Year" by the Duke of Beaufort and Judge Wylie who had flown specially over from Dublin. This good-looking seven-year-old chestnut of Mr. Marmont's has been a consistent prizewinner at all the big shows throughout the country for the past two years.

The Duchess of Norfolk was the runner-up on her five-year-old Prince Prudent. Earlier in the day she had also been runner-up to the Working Hunter of the Year on her brown gelding Penny Royal who won the Show Hunter trophy last year. The winner of the "Working Hunter of the Year" championship was Mrs. T. F. R. Bulkeley's bay mare Pampas Cat.

The Swiss Cavalry School did a delightful Quadrille and members of the Cattistock, Old Berkeley, Hampshire Hunt and Wimbledon branches of the Pony Club gave a splendid short pageant of a meet of the Handley Cross Foxhounds, at the Cat and Custard Pot. This was a far more ambitious spectacle than we have seen the pony clubs doing before, and it really came off exceptionally well.

THE evening ended with some most exciting show jumping, the "Fred Foster" Memorial Competition, over a course of not more than eight fences varying in height from 4 ft. 6 in. to 5 ft. 3 in. The competition is named after the late Mr. Fred Foster, owner of Swank, holder of the British High Jump record, who jumped 7 ft. 6½ in. at the International Horse Show at Olympia in 1937. At the end of the first round there were ten competitors who had done a clear round. Then the obstacles were reduced in number, but heightened and enlarged. At the end of this test there were two survivors who both

[Continued overleaf



HER MAJESTY, SMILING, drives from Euston to Buckingham Palace with Prince Charles, Princess Anne and Princess Margaret



PRINCE PHILIP, visiting a new electronics laboratory in Edinburgh, had the working of a capstan explained to him by the girl operator



THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER arrives, with Baroness Ravensdale, for the charity première of *Modern Times* at the London Pavilion

AUTUMN PARTY AT NORWEGIAN CLUB

SOME sixty guests, including many of the young girls who have come out this year, went to a delightful party at the Norwegian Club in Cockspur Street given by Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh for their débutante daughter



Mrs. Margaret Renwick was discussing some highlights of this very good party with Ethel Lady Renwick



Miss Aphra Fetherstonhaugh, for whom the party was given—to celebrate her eighteenth birthday—was talking to one of her guests, Capt. K. E. Newcome-Baker

Van Hallan



Mrs. R. A. C. Wellesley, Mrs. R. N. F. Redgrave and the Hon. Crystal Russell were three more who were there



Mrs. H. Scott-Miller and Mrs. Eric Midwood, who are sisters of the hostess, with Mr. Michael Bate

Continuing The Social Journal

Apéritif At Sunset On The Seine

had done another clear round, Mr. Peter Robeson on Craven A and Mr. Wilf White on Nizefella, who won this competition together in 1952. Up went the jumps again, the wall to 6 ft. 6 in., and eventually Mr. White and Nizefella won the competition.

HARRINGAY is always one of the most entertaining Horse Shows of the year, but the atmosphere and the lighting could be greatly improved. It is likely to give you such a severe headache straining to see the riders through the haze, and trying to read the numbers and names in your programme, if you are not in one of the lower seats. Programme reading is only possible at short intervals during the evening, as it is far too dark when most classes are in the ring. Naturally, half the interest is lost if you cannot refer to the programme during a class, so I do hope the authorities will improve the lighting by next year, as I heard many similar complaints.

I watched the final performance of the show on television, and saw it all clearly, with enough light to read a programme!

In the audience that evening were Countess Fortescue, who presented the cup for the Champion Hunter, the Hon. Mrs. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie, Mrs. James Bowes-Lyon, and Mr. Thomas Egerton who was escorting Mrs. Frank More O'Ferrall during the interval. Also Mrs. John Alexander over from Ireland where she always produces a really good hunter for the shows each summer, Mr. Herbert Blagrave, Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh

whose hack Blithe Spirit had been runner-up in the Hack of the Year Competition the previous evening, and Mrs. Brian Marshall, who as Miss Mary Whitehead was one of the best among our lady show jumpers.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE never enjoyed a visit to Paris more than my recent one, which I mentioned last week. The city was really looking its best, and the trees along the Champs-Élysées and elsewhere were beautiful with their autumn tints bathed in sunshine during the three days I was there. It was so warm that no one wore an overcoat.

One of the most delightful interludes of my stay was when I went on board the Hon. Neville and Mrs. Berry's yacht Explorer. Looking immaculate and flying the flag of the Royal Yacht Squadron, she was moored near the Pont de la Concorde. Here Mrs. Berry, who is one of our cleverest young hostesses in her charming London house, had invited a few friends on board for a drink before dinner. They were able to sit on deck and watch one of the most beautiful sunsets I have ever seen. The sun sank behind the tall Eiffel Tower with the Pont silhouetted on the sky-line, and the lights of Paris beginning to twinkle. Then the large crescent of the new moon rose quietly into the sky to add to the wonder of this fairylike scene.

THE evening was quite still, there was just the purr of traffic (no hooting now) in the distance, and the lapping of the water against the boat as an occasional motor launch or river boat went by.

Among those enjoying an apéritif before dinner with Mrs. Berry in these exceptionally lovely surroundings, were Mr. Rory and Lady Elizabeth More O'Ferrall,

his brother Mr. Frank More O'Ferrall and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Rose, the latter looking pretty in black with a tiny pale pink satin cap, Col. Vincent Paravicini and his lovely wife who had been having a motoring holiday, Mr. and Mrs. Reresby Sitwell who were staying on board, and Mr. Tony Biddle jun., who had flown up from Madrid for the weekend.

Earlier that day on my way to Longchamps with friends, we had stopped to lunch at a very small restaurant, *Chez Chomette*, in the rue le Gros in the Auteuil district, where we had heard from French friends that the food was exceptionally good. No other English visitors were lunching, but several small parties of very smart Frenchwomen and their escorts also on their way to Longchamps came in to lunch. The *specialité* of this little maison is the *Poulet de Bresse rôti à l'estragon*, which was delicious.

DINING at the Ritz in the quiet and serene restaurant where Michel always produces a superb meal for his clients, I saw Lady Marriott, the American-born wife of Major-General Sir John Marriott, entertaining two French friends. I lunched one day with Princess Alyette de Cröy at her lovely apartment in the avenue Foch. She had just come back from a fortnight's stay in Florence with Mrs. Violet Trefusis at her lovely villa, which she had enjoyed very much, and was motoring down to Normandy after luncheon to attend an official municipal dinner and a council meeting next day. The Princess, whose father the late Prince de Cröy took an active part in the conciliar work of Normandy and later became a Deputy, has herself been made a councillor during the past year, and takes the keenest interest in her duties.

After luncheon I went to see the autumn collection being shown by Balenciaga in the avenue George V. This lived up to the very high praise I had heard about it, especially from my French friends. The suits were extremely wearable but with just that little difference achieved only by the great designers. Some of the top coats made one very envious and his dresses, both afternoon and evening, were outstandingly pretty, very becoming and easy to wear.

At the end, while I was waiting to have a word with Mlle. Renée, everyone was saying how enchanted they were with what they had seen and several exceptionally chic women were placing their orders. These no doubt will take some weeks as I heard that already orders at this great house had been streaming in since the first day the collection was shown.

I had to return early next morning so did not have time to see M. Christian Dior's autumn collection, but knew I would have a chance of viewing this in England on November 3.

AMONG others over in Paris this gloriously sunny weekend were Sir Edward and Lady Baron whom I met in the Ritz, also Capt. and Mrs. John Ide who were spending a few days at the same hotel before flying back to New York—they made many friends in London when he was at the American Embassy.

Mrs. Henry Sigrist, who was over for a few days, has now returned with her husband to their home in Nassau. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rea were spending a couple of weeks at the Plaza-Athénée on their way back from Antibes, where they had a villa this summer, to their home in Philadelphia, and I saw the Hon. Robert Kindersley and his bride, who was formerly Miss Rosie Hill, spending a few days of their honeymoon in Paris, also Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Bill Murray-Laws who had gone over for a few days. The Hon. Marie-Lou Hennessy flew over on the same aeroplane as I did to stay with her aunt, Comtesse Robert de Lesseps, and said she hoped to see some of the

French branch of the big Hennessy family while she was in Paris.

The Rt. Hon. Malcolm McCorquodale had his wife and younger daughter Pru, who was a débutante last summer, over in Paris for a few days and was taking them round to see some of the many interesting sights of the city.

★ ★ ★

ST. HELEN'S CHURCH, Wheathampstead, decorated with white and gold roses, carnations and dahlias, was the scene of a very pretty wedding when Mr. David Curling, only son of the late Lt.-Col R. R. Curling, and of Mrs. Curling, of The Old Rectory, Bursledon, Hants, married Miss Marigold Cory-Wright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cory-Wright of Mackerye End, Harpenden. The service was conducted by the Bishop of St. Albans, assisted by Canon Smith of Baldock.

The bride is not only a charming and attractive girl, but also a very clever one. She qualified last May as a Doctor of Medicine and very soon was appointed to a house surgeon's job at St. Bartholomew's. This is hard but extremely interesting work, and it was a great honour to be given an immediate appointment in her own hospital.

At her wedding, Miss Cory-Wright was given away by her father and looked radiant, wearing a pearl-coloured satin crinoline with a chaplet of gold and white flowers holding her tulle veil in place, and carrying a sheaf of gold- and cream-coloured lilies. She was attended by six bridesmaids and four children, the bridesmaids wearing white- and gold-checked organza crinolines with white and gold flowers in their hair. They were her youngest sister Miss Cleone Cory-Wright, who sang an anthem during the signing of the register, Miss Davina Bowes-Lyon, Miss Jennifer Barnard, Miss Priscilla Foulds and Miss Henrietta Brierley.

The two little girls, the bride's niece Harriet Horlick and Sally Anne Levy, wore plain white organza crinolines, while the two pages who walked with them, Anthony Cory-Wright and Jonathan Curling, wore sailor suits of Nelson's period, in compliment to the bridegroom who was in the Royal Navy in the last war, and the bride's father who was in the Senior Service in World War One.

GUESTS went on to the reception at Mackerye End, where two marquees, lined with gold and white, had been built over the rose garden. Here again lovely flowers, which like those in the church had been arranged by the bride's sisters, were everywhere in the house and marquees. Mrs. Cory-Wright, wearing a blue ensemble with a blue fox collar and a little blue velvet hat, received the guests with Mr. Cory-Wright and the bridegroom's uncle and aunt, Capt. and Mrs. Brierley, the latter also in blue. The bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Curling, was unfortunately not well enough to go to the wedding.

Among members of the family present were Sir Geoffrey and Lady Cory-Wright and their sons Michael, David and Mark, and their daughters-in-law Mrs. Michael Cory-Wright and Lady Jane Cory-Wright, the bride's sister Mrs. John Horlick in black with a crimson hat with her husband, and her father-in-law Col. James Horlick, the bride's uncles Mr. Peter Levy and his wife, and Mr. Alan Cory-Wright. The bridegroom's cousin Mr. Bill Curling who was best man, his wife and their son Christopher, whose three-year-old brother Jonathan was one of the pages, the bridegroom's uncle and aunt General and Mrs. Bryan Curling, Miss S. H. Curling and Capt. and Mrs. Guy Halsey were also there.

[Continued overleaf]



CAROLINE ANNE NETTLEFOLD, infant daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Nettlefold, of Chelwood, Vachery, Nutley, Sussex, was christened at Hartfield Parish Church. She is a granddaughter of Viscount Scarsdale and of Mildred Viscountess Scarsdale



Swaebe

VICTORIA JANE BERRY with her mother, Mrs. Anthony Berry, after her christening at Queen's Chapel, Marlborough House. She is the granddaughter of Sir H. Graham-Hodgson. Mr. A. Prideaux, Mr. J. Wintour, Mrs. D. Butter, Miss P. Colt and Mrs. R. de Quincey were godparents



The bridesmaids, Miss Davina Bowes-Lyon, Miss Henrietta Brierley, Miss Priscilla Foulds, Miss Jennifer Barnard and Miss Cleone Cory-Wright wore white and gold



Jonathan Curling, Anthony Cory-Wright, Sally Levy and Harriet Horlick examined with rapt attention a water-lily which they had just found in the nearby pool

Continuing The Social Journal

Reception In Honour Of Columbus

Lady Ashley Cooper came with her son and daughter, Mr. James Ashley Cooper and Miss Patricia Ashley Cooper and her fiancé Mr. Ralph Seracold. Neighbours living in Hertfordshire who were at the wedding included the Hon. David and Mrs. Bowes-Lyon, Pamela Countess of Lytton and her daughter Lady Hermione Cobbold, who were later joined by Mr. Kim Cobbold and Lady Newman with her daughters Lynette and Rosalind.

Mr. "Pop" Onslow Fane, the bride's godfather, proposed the young couple's health, and there to wish them happiness were Viscount and Viscountess Leathers, Sir Gordon and Lady Munro (the latter is one of the bride's godmothers), Lord and Lady Rea, and Major and the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Lomax with their daughter Barbara. Amusement was caused by the bride's two dogs, who trotted about adorned with large white bows, thoroughly enjoying the reception.

Later the bride and bridegroom left for their honeymoon in Spain, the bride wearing a grey suit with a thin red stripe and a red hat in which to travel.

★ ★ ★

To celebrate the anniversary of the discovery of the Continent of America, H.E. El Duque de Primo de Rivera, the Spanish Ambassador, gave a delightful reception at his magnificent embassy in Belgrave Square. He stood for nearly two hours receiving guests, among whom were the Norwegian Ambassador and his wife and daughter, the Cuban Ambassador and his wife, both looking bronzed and well after their weeks in Majorca, the Argentine Ambassador, and the Austrian Ambassador and Mme Wimmer, whose embassies are also in Belgrave Square.

Among political figures I met Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Sandys, Sir Beverley and Lady Baxter, who are hoping to visit Canada and the Bahamas during the next recess, and the Hon. George Ward talking to Mrs. Ghislaine Alexander and Lord Hore-Belisha. Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight were there, also Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady

Willoughby de Broke wearing a lovely diamond floral brooch on a pretty black off-the-shoulder dress, the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava in a light-blue evening dress, and Mrs. Jean Garland very chic in black talking to Mr. "Ruby" Holland Martin who had just returned from Italy.

ALSO met Lord and Lady Killearn, M. Lebel, Counsellor at the French Embassy, Rafaele Duchess of Leinster, Lord and Lady Monson who were telling Mrs. Fred Nielson of the splendid progress at the new Round Hill estate in Jamaica, Mr. James Hanbury, joint Master of the Belvoir, who brought his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Cobbold, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland who had enjoyed their trip to Canada, Sir Guy and Lady Salisbury-Jones, Mrs. Marie-Louise Arnold and the Earl of Dudley conversing with Ann Lady Orr-Lewis.



MISS MURIEL WARTER, one of 1954's most attractive débutantes, is the younger daughter of Lt.-Col. H. de Grey Warter, O.B.E., T.D., and a niece of Major the Earl Cathcart, D.S.O., M.C.

On the last day of this year's racing at Ascot, in spite of the warm balmy days and ideal conditions, we felt more than a touch of regret. Not only was it the last day we could enjoy racing here until next June, but it was also the last time we would see this famous course and stands as we have known and enjoyed them for so many years. By next June all the modern alterations will have been made, the course moved back, the lawn and enclosure made much bigger, the weighing-in room moved, and for the first time the new, small and very select "Queen's Lawn" in front of the Royal box will be in use for Royal Ascot which opens on June 14. Although we all know these plans are sure to be a great improvement to the comfort of racing here, it is always sad to see the disappearance of old landmarks.

IT was a very pleasant afternoon's racing. Sir Victor Sassoon's Elopement, who was second in the St. Leger, won the Cumberland Lodge Stakes, beating M. Boussac's Shaker II, and both owners were there to see their horses run. Another winner was the Earl of Rosebery's compact two-year-old Lark who won the Cornwallis Stakes over a mile.

Among the very keen racegoers present were General Sir Miles and Lady Dempsey, the latter in navy blue, the Marquess of Abergavenny who is a National Hunt Steward and takes a great interest in steeplechasing, and Brig. and Mrs. Jack Speed. Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke were both racing, also Major Herbert Holt and his wife, always one of the best-dressed women at any event. They return to their lovely home in Nassau at the end of this month.

★ ★ ★

LADY MANCROFT has this year taken on the chairmanship of the Hallowe'en Ball which is to be held at the Dorchester Hotel on October 29. This is always one of the gayest events of the little season, and far more fun than the usual charity ball. It is in aid of that very good cause which is near to the hearts of so many of us, the National Children Adoption Association, which is still a voluntary organization and which does such magnificent work for homeless children.

There will be a good cabaret at the ball, and several amusing sideshows. Tickets may be obtained from Lady Mancroft, c/o N.C.A.A., 71 Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

A COUNTRY WEDDING IN WHITE AND GOLD

FRIENDS from Hertfordshire and the surrounding counties came to the little church of St. Helen's, Wheathampstead, for the wedding of Mr. David Curling, son of the late Lt.-Col. R. R. Curling, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Curling, of Bursledon, Hants, and Dr. Marigold Cory-Wright, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cory-Wright, of Mackerye End, Herts



Merion Cobbold, Governor of the Bank of England, talking to Capt. Henry Brierley and Dr. D. Cory-Wright, the bride's mother



The bride and bridegroom, Mr. and Mrs. David Curling, stood in a lovely corner of Mackerye End to welcome the guests as they arrived for the reception

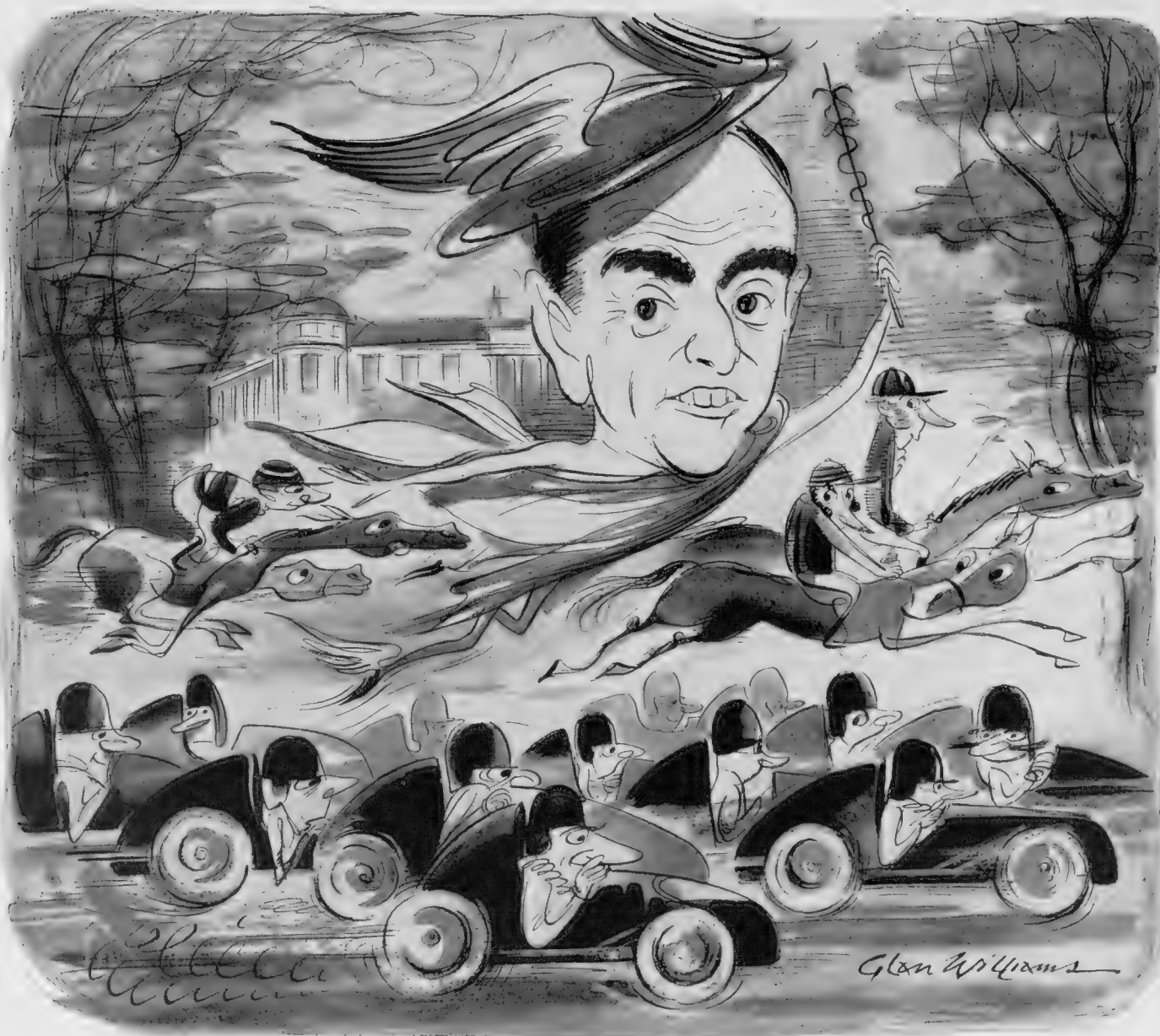


Mr. Alan Cory-Wright, the bride's uncle, and Mrs. John Horlick, her sister, drank to the good health of the young couple



Mr. Douglas Cory-Wright, the bride's father, was joined in the gold and white marquee in the rose garden by Mr. and Mrs. Michael Cory-Wright

Desmond O'Neill



THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON, who succeeded to the title in 1935, has turned a natural quickness of mind and resourcefulness, which made him a first-class automobile engineer and racing driver, to rehabilitation of the family estates in Sussex along original and imaginative lines. Aged fifty, he has devoted much of the past thirty years to matters motoring and flying. He was service mechanic to Bentley Motors when they led the field in sports and racing cars, and later learned business and finance the hard way in his own firm of car dealers. A pilot, owning his own plane, he manufactured airscrews, and spent part of the war as an R.A.F. officer in America advising the U.S.A.F. on engine maintenance and repairs. Since the war his time has been largely spent at Goodwood, turning the property into a going concern, including creation of a new Mecca for racing motorists on a disused R.A.F. fighter station

Around the Town

— Critics

OF the twenty-one Dukes who sit in the House of Lords there is a goodly batch today still in their forties and early fifties. Norfolk, Richmond, Beaufort, Northumberland and Argyll all fall easily within this category, while Devonshire, at the age of thirty-four, gives Northumberland six years. If I have overlooked others, pray let them excuse me. I mention those who spring to my mind.

Among them I think few have brought to bear upon the present-day problems of

inheritance so enlightened an outlook as the Duke of Richmond, the subject of Glan Williams's cartoon at the top of this page today. When he succeeded to the properties a few months after his coming of age (his elder brother, Charles, had died of wounds received in north Russia in 1919) they encompassed a vast acreage in the Highlands of Scotland as well as the lands in Sussex around Goodwood House.

His father had held the dukedom for only just over seven years. A second huge demand for death duties confronted the ninth Duke. As it seemed to him, after

long and anxious consideration, he must pay off his debts to the Crown and concentrate his efforts on a more compact estate in the South.

It thus came about that in 1937 the Crown acquired once again some 90,000 acres of land in Scotland, a family castle and several towns and fishing villages. All of these had come to the family when Charles II showered titles and lands upon his illegitimate son by Louise de Kerouaille (Duchess of Portsmouth and d'Aubigny) in the title of Duke of Richmond and Lennox.

FREED from the worst of the immediate burdens of debts and mortgages—so freely attached by landed proprietors in the nineteenth century when it was necessary to raise a dowry for a marrying daughter—Frederick, Duke of Richmond set about putting his Sussex house in order. Immediately he brought to bear the understanding of business and finance which he had learned in the hard school of the motor trade.

But before he could do very much there came the anxieties of 1938 and World War Two. Goodwood House became a hospital (not escaping those structural damages which befell in greater or lesser degree all the great homes taken over by the Forces) and Pilot-Officer Richmond found himself a member of a mission engaged on advising the U.S. Air Force on aero engine maintenance. The object, as I seem to recall, was to persuade the Americans that money-saving techniques could be devised to obviate the need for scrapping an aero-engine because the sparking plugs needed cleaning.

AFTER the war it was not long before the young Duke, though no longer engaged in motor manufacture or trading, saw the chance to realize, in slightly different form, a long-cherished dream. He would add motor racing to horse racing at Goodwood.

In this he was a pioneer in what is now becoming a highly competitive field of sport promotion. But he was busy on many other things besides. Goodwood—far too big for a small family with no intention of squandering substance on massive entertaining—must be turned to practical use. It has been.

The various operations of the estate—agriculture, forestry, cattle raising, woodwork craft and racing are conducted by a private company. In the house itself the family withdrew into a corner of one wing. While preserving, and sometimes using, the magnificent public rooms, the great ballroom, formerly bright with gold and scarlet décor, has been divided up to make offices for the different departments of the Estate company.



DOWN IN THE CELLARS a group of connoisseurs was tasting the Château Yquem wine: Mr. M. P. Lehrian, the Marquis Bertrand de Lur-Saluces, of Château Yquem, Mr. M. E. Herbodeau, and behind, Mr. R. Coutet. The tasting is described on page 159

The old apartments, hung with magnificent tapestries, which formerly housed the Royal Family when they came to stay for Race Week, have become the well-equipped staff club for the estate workers. Many of the bedroom suites have been converted into flats for the office staff and their families.

The Richmonds are fortunate in possessing a collection of paintings, china and furniture among the best in the country. These have now been rehung and displayed for the benefit of visitors. One of the present Duke's most valuable contributions to those who will come after him has been the personal preparation of an illustrated catalogue of the pictures.

PHOTOGRAPHY, like painting, is one of his hobbies and he has photographed every exhibit of distinction in the house and made extensive research into their

history. In the course of this undertaking he has made some valuable discoveries.

All of these activities naturally have to be fitted in with those unending public duties, political and territorial, which are expected of every public figure, from Her Majesty and the members of her Family to others less eminent.

★ ★ ★

THE former London home of the Earls of Derby, Hutchinson House, made a fine and elegant setting for the French Textiles Exhibition held there during the past two weeks.

This exhibition was brought to London by the *Union des Industries Textiles de France* because the British market has always had an important place in the French export programme. In fact, in 1953, textile exports to the United Kingdom amounted to eighteen per cent of all French exports to this country.

I visited the exhibition at the beginning of the fortnight. The interior of Hutchinson House had been skilfully transformed into exteriors of fashionable Paris, with many familiar scenes forming a background for the displays of textiles. As well as some made-up goods, there were yards of rich materials adorning the walls—some of them reputed to cost at least £20 a yard—and also tapestries from designs by contemporary painters worth £1,000 each.

ONE of the most interesting sections was the *Salon des Peintres*. Here masterpieces of the French Impressionist School had been faithfully translated from the flat to the solid, making them three dimensional and lifelike. The figures depicted in such well-known paintings as Renoir's "Umbrellas" and "Tahitian Women" by Gauguin were sculpted by Jean-Pierre Darnat, and dressed in contemporary French fabrics. The result of this treatment of the old masters was effective, although a little unusual, and no doubt the purists would consider it sacrilege. But to my mind it was an interesting addition to what was already a most ambitious and well-presented exhibition.



Mrs. Guy Prince was discussing vintages with M. André Simon as they sat together during lunch. Many French guests had come over specially for the tasting



Mr. Guy Prince, host at the tasting, chatted knowledgeably with Mr. G. B. Potts and Mr. W. H. G. Boot. This event brings wine connoisseurs of the kingdom together



M. Bichod, who was on a visit from France, watched with interest as Col. K. E. Jameson thoughtfully took the bouquet of a 1953 Burgundy

Wine-tasters Celebrated Jubilee Of Entente Cordiale In Labyrinth Under London Bridge



GOING UP—or stopping at the first floor of the Eiffel Tower? This may not become a customary way of finding parking space in Paris, but it is just one of those things that can happen during the Salon de l'Automobile

Priscilla in Paris

Salon Breaks Bounds

SHOEMAKERS have always had the reputation of being badly shod; the same can hardly be said of automobile makers if one may judge by the gleaming monsters that belong to the magnates of the motor trade now in town.

One rather wonders whether the 41st Salon de l'Automobile is held entirely within the bounds of the Grand Palais or whether it has spilled out through the huge bronze doors and spread all over Paris. Open night and day. No restricted visiting hours, free, gratis and all-for-nothing!

Despite car parks on the quays, double and even triple ranks along the broader thoroughfares and the headache-making puzzlement of the ever-changing one-way streets, traffic congestion is greater than ever. We sigh for those far-off days when we could find parking room by the kerb wherever we chose to stop.

How we grumbled when the Salon opened and M. Citroën's fleet of little, cannon-blue "torpedoes" took up what we considered undue space along the Champs-Élysées. We grumble no longer. The overcrowding of cities has become one of those things about which nothing can be done "unless," suggests a certain pessimist with a macabre sense of humour, "an atomic bomb settles the matter!"

The same pessimist has scathing things to say about M. Lemaigre's recent statement that "the use of the automobile must be made accessible to the masses." Driving about Paris one has the impression that the masses are not doing so badly as things are. A strange little Italian car that has the appearance of an inverted pudding basin on three wheels, that rates 1 h.p. and is said to do 80 kilometres an hour, looks like being the very thing M. Lemaigre is wishing upon us. No wonder the railways and other public conveyances of France look like going out of business.

WHETHER this "Isetta" proves to be one of the highlights of the show remains to be seen, however. When I write "highlights" I am being polite, of course. What I really think about all these small road-clutterers could hardly be set down on this glossy page. From necessity I drive a 1939 "E.E." "Elegant Elizabeth" (which, after all, is a 6 h.p.), but a 1955 "R.R." would be my dish of tea if I had the wherewithal.

Not that I am ashamed of faithful E.E. (the pet). She looked quite the real thing standing between Edwige Feuillère's "ten" and Mme. Fernand Gregh's "fifteen" outside the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées the other evening. It was nice to see Mme. Gregh at the wheel. She fell off a ten-foot wall these

holidays without coming to any harm, quite a feat when one is not in one's first youth.

All Paris was at the theatre that night for the première of the fifty-five song recitals that Maurice Chevalier is giving to celebrate the fifty-five years he has been on the stage. His reception was tremendous. Old friends greeting "good old Momo." Then we settled down to listen. We knew that he was giving us twenty new songs. We thought that we would have been just as pleased with the old favourites and we went on thinking it during the first few "creations." They were good and they were sung in Maurice's inimitable manner but they did not quite click. . . .

THEN, suddenly, came an admirable song-skit entitled "Monotonic," a parody of the sordid torch lamentations that have become so boring. It was a triumph. We stamped and yelled and would have thrown bouquets on the stage had we been carrying them. In delightful succession followed "My Little Mosquito," "Two Lovers" and a couple of heart-twisters: "The Old Troupier" and "Lost Footsteps." The fun and humour of "A Gentleman"—Maurice complete with bowler and umbrella—went straight to the hearts of the British members of the audience and they were many. This was one of the evenings that count in a theatregoer's memory.

The night finished as gaily as it had started with a supper party *chez Laurent*. It was given in honour of Maurice and the proceeds went to the Old Actor's Home at Ris-Orangis, of which Maurice is one of the patrons.

Et puis . . .

Mama decides to go on a reducing cure. Papa asks the children: "Won't it be nice to go out with a slim, pretty lady?" "Yes, Daddy," chorus the children, "but what will you do with Mother?"



Barry Swaebe

Daughter-in-law Of The Motor Racing Duke

THE COUNTESS OF MARCH

THE wedding of the beautiful Miss Susan Grenville-Grey to the Earl of March was an important social event of 1951. The Earl is the son and heir of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, owner of the famous Goodwood motor racing track, and both he and the Countess take great interest in the programmes there. The picture shows the Countess in the drawing-room of their home in Melbury Road, Kensington



Sir Geoffrey Cory-Wright, Bt.

Where The Sleekest Cars Gather
On The Shores Of The Bluest Sea—

MONTE CARLO

BY some law of magnetic attraction, the most highly polished motor cars in Europe are drawn annually to Monte Carlo to compete in the famous Concours d'Élégance. Like the streamlined machines themselves, life on the Côte d'Azur tends to a refinement in the direction of simplicity, such as is seen above at La Vigie; where among the pines and rocks by the Old Beach Hotel there are bungalows and a sunny terrace, whose tenants can entertain their friends with the entire sweep of the bay before them

Some reflections upon one of
the most rewarding of pastimes

The Art of COARSE MOTORING

Spike Hughes

COARSE MOTORING must on no account be confused with Vintage Motoring. The Coarse Motorist practises his art as a means to a single, necessary end—that of getting about. Not for him the Rally, the Concours d'Élégance, the antiquarian's delight in Old Age for Old Age's sake; for him the Endurance Test is not an extra item thrown in at the end of a much-publicised run from Edinburgh to Goodwood. It is Life itself—relentless, unending, inescapable for man and machine alike.

Coarse Motoring, indeed, may be considered (to coin a nauseous phrase) a Way of Life. It is not a pastime; nobody but a moron would make a hobby out of it, and, come the Revolution, it will not exist at all, for a really efficient Welfare State (not this parsimonious affair we have now) will give us all a new motor-car annually as part of the Health Service. But until then Coarse Motoring will always be with us. Like the poor. And rightly, for it is essentially the pursuit of the poor; which is why there has been a noticeable and inevitable revival of Coarse Motoring since the war. It is now even more democratic and widespread than before owing to the huge increase in numbers of the Truly Poor—i.e., those of us who contribute so much in indirect taxation that we have nothing left with which to deal with direct taxation.

It seems to me, however, who can no longer afford even the cheapest form of Coarse Motoring, that the New Poor, while there may be more of them, are certainly more prosperous—or less distressed—than the Old Poor of the 1930's. Where twenty years ago a Coarse Motor could be bought for any sum between £5 and £50 (to pay more than that was reprehensibly ostentatious), to-day it appears that prices start around £80, ending somewhere in the unimaginable neighbourhood of £150 before there is even a whispered accusation of plutarchy.

Nevertheless, post-war or pre-war, the principle of Coarse Motoring remains the same: to pay for a car out of a small income, not out of large capital, and get the best available machine for your little available money.

If Coarse Motorists perforce pay more for their Coarse Motors than they used to, it must also be admitted that they get comparatively better value for money. A 17-year-old car to-day is quite a different proposition from the 13-year-old car which, for instance, I bought in 1925. This was called a "Humberette" and cost the conventional sum of £5. It had two cylinders of undefined horse-power, a chain drive to rear wheels as high as a milk-cart's with wire spokes and solid tyres, direct steering to two much smaller front wheels, acetylene lamps, no doors, a hood like a baby's pram, little body to speak of, and carried a crew of two—the driver and a fireman-observer, who was also the pusher who helped to start the car for the outward journey and helped the driver to push it back on the return journey.

The décor (there is no other word) was black with yellow basket-work stuck on it, and the rude warning noise of the klaxon was supplemented by a bulb horn and a large bicycle bell—each instrument as

redundant as the next, for the two cylinders provided all the audible warning of approach that was necessary.

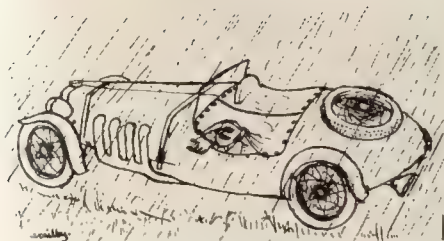
After a considerable period of tuning, the Humberette made the journey from the centre of Cambridge to the Gog Magog Hills and back. And if anybody thinks that is nothing, let me point out that if you look east from the top of the "Gogs," the next comparably high piece of ground is the Ural Mountains. Or so they say. At any rate, news of the Humberette's staying powers quickly got around Cambridge, and the next day Coarse Motor, Mark I., was sold for the usual £5.

ONCE you have tasted the joy of Coarse Motoring there is no looking back; you may look forward hopefully to an astronomically distant day when you will actually be the owner of a brand-new car, but if that day ever comes then you have never been a true Coarse Motorist. You are just another *parvenu*, for the Coarse Motorist has no time for (let alone experience of) a car which behaves like a thousand others; no use for traffic indicators, self-starters and wind-screen-wipers which work at the touch of a button, for engines which run so silently that you have to look at an instrument to know whether they're running or not. He is used to a Car of Character which, while it may have been as elegantly mass-produced and well-behaved as the next at birth, has in the course of many years developed a definite personality of its own.

Quite early on it will be learnt that no two Coarse Motors are alike, and that the virtues and vices found in one are never by any chance to be found in another. The Coarse Motorist will thus learn a great deal about the workings of a car from experience, but the knowledge will be useless, for having learned to diagnose a perforated petrol feed the hard way (going up Putney Hill at 2 a.m. on the way home to Sussex), he will never be called upon to cope with the same trouble again, though he live to buy and drive a hundred more cars. Next time it will be something quite different, which he has never encountered before, and which—having learned the cure—he will also never have to deal with again.

AFTER a period of trial and error the Coarse Motorist will learn that the amount he spends on a new—or shall we say fresh—machine is more closely related to the appearance and physical comfort offered by the purchase than to the mechanical efficiency. Among my own earliest experiences was an Essex bought for £9, which was mechanically in far better shape than a more modern Chrysler which I later bought for £45. What the extra £36 bought me was a fabric saloon body which had once been frantically chic and now had a roof which leaked like a colander, as against a common-looking tin affair with a roof that didn't.

Although there do not seem to be as many American cars on the Coarse Motor market as before the war, no prospective Coarse Motorist must pay any heed to the familiar assertion that "American cars don't last." This is a myth sustained (a) by British manufacturers who want you to buy British, and (b) by American manufacturers



PATRICK ("SPIKE") HUGHES is a light musician of quality with extensive interests (as they say in the City) in sport. He writes operas himself—cf. *Cinderella*, broadcast five times by the B.B.C.—and pursues with vigour inquiries into the lives and letters of opera writers of the past. He has written a radio script on Verdi, and recently finished one on Puccini, while holidaying in Italy. Not seeing why coarse fishing should get all the applause, he has come out strongly for *The Art of Coarse Cricket*—a hugely successful quarto—and *The Art of Coarse Travel*, now in progress, from which this article is a beguiling excerpt.



THE GRAND RALLY TO ST. GEORGE'S BANNER

THE Duke of Devonshire received a company of 500 at the annual dinner of the Royal Society of St. George. Chief guest of the Society, which does valuable work in strengthening the ties of the Commonwealth, was Lord Vansittart



Lord and Lady Vansittart were talking over the programme at the Savoy Hotel before going in to take their places for dinner

Right: The Duke of Devonshire, new President of the Society, with the Duchess. Standing behind are Pikemen of the City of London



DINING IN

The Brighter Aspect Of Economy



RETURNING from six fairy-tale weeks on the Riviera, loaded with memories of the traditional blue skies and warm seas, and bursting with the benefits of sun and vitamins, I find myself, like many another, suffering from the inevitable aftermath of all this good living—a grimly factual budget which has got to be faced under grey English autumnal clouds.

Economy is the inescapable watchword, and it has to begin, not altogether regrettably, in the kitchen. So having asked three people to a dinner which must be both gay and exciting, I have worked out a budget which should not total more than a pound, apart from wine. We shall drink Beaujolais, an excellent and inexpensive Burgundy, but in spite of my troubles we need not fall into that dull category "Poor but honest."

THE time is long past when an ingenious cook could produce wartime delicacies which entranced the eye, but which under the unanswerable analysis of the palate proved to contain nothing but starchy and unsatisfying frolics with only the substance of an ill-chosen Chinese menu. I do not intend to economise to that extent, because a perspicacious tour of

the greengrocers, the butcher, with his self-conscious new look, and the Italian food shops should provide all that the gourmet could wish. Here is my menu which should help the word austerity back to its no-nonsense pre-war meaning.

SORREL SOUP FOR FOUR PEOPLE.

6 ozs. Sorrel leaves roughly chopped; 1 oz. butter or margarine; 1 tablespoonful flour; 1½ pints boiling water, or potato water; ¼ pint milk; 1 egg; Salt and sugar to taste.

Cook sorrel leaves in fat in covered saucepan, very slowly, for about thirty minutes, stirring from time to time. Sprinkle with flour and allow to colour, stirring all the time. Add boiling liquid and simmer for twenty minutes. Beat egg and milk together, add to soup very carefully so as not to curdle. Season and serve with Croutons.

VEAL FILLETS NATUREL.

Slice veal and beat well, turn it lightly in flour and fry it in hot butter slowly until golden brown.

Add a few drops of lemon, and parsley. Serve decorated with lemon slices and fried parsley.

—Countess Csaky



Lt.-Col. Sir Harold Wilberforce-Bell, D.L., Vice-President of the Society, was talking with Mrs. Geoffrey Sparrow

DINING OUT

Blindfold Round

The Vineyards



Harcourt



Admiral of the Fleet Sir Rhoderick McGrigor, First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff, was there with Lady McGrigor



Lady Plender stopped for a word with Mr. Roger Frewen and the Hon. Mrs. Frewen, daughter of Viscount Selby



Dr. R. Bolt had as dinner companion Lady Evans, wife of Sir Horace Evans, the Queen's Physician

THE wine-tastings are upon us and a few days ago the extensive cellars of J. L. P. Lebègue at London Bridge were lit by thousands of candles at the largest wine-tasting of its kind in the world, devised by their chairman, Guy Prince. There were over 170 wines available and well over 1000 people to taste their choice over the three days that it lasted. A greatly honoured guest was the Lord Mayor, Master of the Vintners Company.

Of particular interest was the 1952 Romanée-Conti, the first made since the 1945 vintage; and even then this tiny vineyard only gave a very small yield. M. Henri de Villaine, the present owner, was there in person.

ONE also had the opportunity to sample the last two vintages, 1952-1953, of the four First Growth Clarets, the Premier Crûs Classés under the 1855 classification des Grands Vins du Médoc.

This tasting had been arranged "blind" and the wines were not identified by name, which gave people an opportunity to form their own opinions without bias. Some of the experts present could identify them without trouble, but there was a key provided in a sealed envelope for those in doubt.

Speaking of experts brings us to the very timely publication by *House and Garden* of their "Wine Book," a production of quality, with some excellent photographs, coloured and otherwise. By coincidence the first photograph shows a scene "in the vast candle-lit cellars of

Lebègue and Co.; tasting is in progress."

There are 26 articles covering all kinds of wine, including those from the Commonwealth, all of them written by acknowledged experts on the subject, many of whom were, in fact, at the Lebègue affair. They include the Marquis Bertrand de Lur-Saluces, proprietor of Château Yquem, who writes the chapter on Sauternes. The opening article "On Wine" is by Evelyn Waugh; we have André Simon on Champagne; Warner Allen on the wines of Touraine; the late Ian Campbell on port; Vyvyan Holland on "Choosing Wine"; Leslie Seyd covers Burgundy, and Sir John Barlow writes on claret. This makes it easy for you to measure the authority of the book, which has been prepared for "everyone who likes wine," and must be of especial value to those with limited knowledge who would like to know more about it; in fact, at 5s. it's a gift.

HILAIRE BELLOC considered wine as "a fundamental and necessary thing for those who would lead the world," so let us finish with the opening lines of his "Heroic Poem in Praise of Wine":

To exalt, enthrone, establish and defend,
To welcome home mankind's mysterious friend:
Wine, true begetter of all arts that be;
Wine, privilege of the completely free;
Wine the recorder; wine the sagely strong;
Wine, bright avenger of sly-dealing wrong,
Awake, Ausonian Muse, and sing the vineyard song!

—I. Bickerstaff



Clayton Evans

Mr. Laury was having a glass of wine with Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Newall, formerly Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief, New Zealand, and Mrs. Laury

At The Theatre

Rule Of Thumb Magicians

Anthony Cookman



THE WITCH-HUNTER, Sidney Redlitch (Wilfrid Lawson) pursues his detective activities through a haze of alcohol

LONDON relishes the suave and incisive comedy of Mr. Rex Harrison as much as New York and sees a great deal less of it. Mr. Harrison has become more at home on Broadway than on his native stage.

He does what he can through films to "halve the matter amicably" between two competing continents, but the hard fact is that he has played over here only once since the war.

Still, no offence is taken; and he and Miss Lilli Palmer, an even more reluctant home-comer, will have no difficulty in keeping the *Bell, Book and Candle* of Mr. John Van Druten running comfortably at the Phoenix, even though the piece itself is, disappointingly, no more than a conventional comedy pretending to make fantastic fun of modern witches.

Mr. Van Druten's idea of writing a comic fantasy on the theme of witchcraft, if he had made it good, might have produced a companion piece to *Blithe Spirit*.

THE situation of a cynical worldling bewitched and bewildered by a woman who is using real sorcery on him is as attractive on paper as the situation of an irascible husband confronted in the presence of his second wife with the intractable ghost of his first. The dramatist's problem in each instance is the same—to create a personage who is not human, but who arrests and affects us as if she were. Shakespeare was the first to attempt this feat, and he tried many times before bringing it off.

Puck is nothing more than a type of fairy; but many years later he was able to create those most strange and wonderful beings, Ariel and Caliban, individual yet non-human creatures. Mr. Coward has no poetry, but he has wit and an inexhaustibly exuberant invention: his Elvira, through the sheer sufficiency of these qualities, clearly establishes her right to belong, as a spirit of mischief, both to this world and the next.

Mr. Van Druten is a playwright who sedulously shuns poetry, verbal wit,

exuberance. He likes to make his effects by quiet, carefully studied touches of stagecraft; and the result, if things go well with him, is conventional comedy that makes a virtue of stage necessity.

These methods simply will not do when the heroine of the comedy is nothing unless she is a witch.

MR. VAN DRUTEN presents Gillian with a familiar, a real Siamese cat, a grinning African witch mask and a little fireworks powder. These and his deft stagecraft induce a measure of belief in her occult powers in a good first act showing witch getting boy. She throws her spell just as the attractive stranger from the flat upstairs is arranging his betrothal party on her telephone, and turning to notice his landlady for the first time, the hapless worldling gathers her in his arms. Witch and boy have a wonderful time till he learns with disgust the nature of the strange enchantment. That is just when things should get really interesting if the fantasy had wings. It is just at this point that the embryonic wings disappear altogether, and the piece falls with a gentle thud into the trivialities of sentimental comedy. Witches cannot weep; witches in love lose their magic powers; and the third act accordingly is nothing but a time of waiting for the tears to come.

HOWEVER, Mr. Harrison's suave and incisive comedy is unfailing; indeed, it seems since we saw him last to have gained in incisiveness and resource. Miss Palmer, though in repose apt to be overlooked, lights up with intense liveliness any action in which she is directly involved. Miss Athene Seyler is also a witch, an old dear who is as pleased with her imperfect induction into the black mysteries as though she had been shown a few simple conjuring tricks. Mr. David Evans, too, is a spivvish warlock whose mind is unequal to his spivvish ambitions. And Mr. Wilfrid Lawson, whose humour belongs to himself rather than his author, gives a turn which is a precious addition to the humour of the evening.

—Illustrations by Emmuwood

SORCERY is used by Gillian Holroyd (Lilli Palmer) to ensnare Anthony Henderson (Rex Harrison)—to the infinite glee of her relations, Miss Holroyd (Athene Seyler) and Nicholas Holroyd (David Evans). These two are also amateurs of the black arts, but unfortunately have not reached the status of adepts. They have corresponding respect for one who has, especially when her spells are so clearly binding



Armstrong Jones

LYRICS WITH A LIGHT TOUCH

JULIAN SLADE wanted to be an actor. Yet by the time he was 24 he achieved the unique distinction of writing music for two of the most successful shows in the West End—*Salad Days* and *The Duenna*. His musical gifts first became evident when he was at Cambridge and he was further encouraged in this direction by Denis Carey at the Bristol Old Vic. Recently he was commissioned to write music for *The Taming of the Shrew*, which is due to open at the Old Vic in December

London Limelight

Per Oxon Ad Astra?

"**O**XFORD ACCENTS," at the Watgate, might ask for judgment as a riposte to *Out of the Blue*, since both are post-undergraduate entertainments. This would be an unwise course, for the Light Blues outstripped their rival crew by a distance.

Most of the Oxford company seemed determined to show their skill with any accent save that of the University, favouring particularly what might be called the Odeon-odious for their party pieces. However, the occasion did reveal some talent, notably that of Leonard Webb, whose rendering of "Punting" (by Leonard Webb) was excellent cabaret fooling.

Mr. Jeremy Bullmore, when he knows a little more about the intricacies of the theatre, should make a reasonable livelihood as a writer of near-Farjeon lyrics, and Margaret Smith could get along nicely with most concert parties. In fact, after a few hard seasons at Margate, the whole company ought to bob up again and show us how they are progressing.

AMONG the hierarchy of Gilbert and Sullivan experts who enjoyed the first revival of *Princess Ida* at the Savoy, was a lady who has firm claims to be at the top of the list. Winifred Lawson, whose name was synonymous with the Opera in pre-war days, came to see her successor, Victoria Sladen, in the title-part. Miss Lawson, who seems absurdly young to be

writing her memoirs, first played the role at the Princes Theatre in 1922. The understanding was that she would perform for fourteen days only as a guest artist, for she was a highly successful concert singer, but she stayed for ten years.

"So, you see," she says, "I am a genuine has-been." This is, of course, a piece of true Gilbertian nonsense.

AFTER a deal of promise of the "coming shortly" variety, Bea Lillie's show was finally scheduled to open in Liverpool on Monday. It is due for a five-week tour before it reaches London, which is presumably inevitable; yet it seems curious, for the progress is against the course of nature. *An Evening with Beatrice Lillie* should be a sophisticated West End occasion which could scarcely cut its teeth to advantage in the provinces.

This is not so much a question of snobism, as of the elementary business of timing, for some jokes are perceived more rapidly in Manchester than Mayfair, and vice versa. Miss Lillie is one of the supreme judges of the latter, so it is hard to see that she needs any corners knocked off her repertoire. Moreover, it has support from Constance Carpenter, John Philip and Leslie Bricusse. With Miss Grenfell as a rival hostess, spring seems comfortably far away.



Leonard Webb, Margaret Smith and Philip Thomas in "Oxford Accents."

—Youngman Carter



Earls Court was thronged with prospective buyers on the opening day of the Motor Show



This 1904 Wolseley, a type from which has developed the streamlined grace of to-day

FIFTY YEARS OF MOTORING

• Oliver Stewart •

OCCASIONALLY we catch a glimpse of the great days of motoring. The Anglo-American vintage car rally not long ago, and the celebration of emancipation day shortly to come, remind us that they were indeed "great" days. What the cars of those times lacked in comfort, they made up in variety; what they lacked in production, they made up in inventive interest; what they lacked in performance they made up in the sheer, uninhibited brilliance of the original thinking that went into them.

Confronted with the old 4-litre Lanchester we saw at Goodwood, many present-day engineers must have paused and wondered. That wayward genius F. W. Lanchester, who founded the company bearing his name (now the Daimler group), peered into the future and foresaw the developments that were to come with an accuracy which must be unparalleled in any other form of human endeavour. His were the epicyclic gear, cantilever springing, mechanically-operated valves and overhead valves. And it is to be remembered that his foresight was as remarkable in the field of aeronautical engineering as it was in motor engineering.

IT is patent that the automatic transmissions that have conquered the U.S. are going to try hard to conquer Britain. If anybody prepared the way for them it was Lanchester. He was, as most people know, the consultant to Daimler, and Daimler introduced the fluid flywheel in 1931. If fluid flywheel and epicyclic box are brought into partnership, the result is something closely resembling one of the most successful American automatic transmission systems.

Perhaps, as we scan those fifty years, we may be constrained to admit that we have been slow in Great Britain in harvesting the genius of our early automobile engineers; but it is none the less clear that we have done a good deal of the spade work of development. Daimler was founded in 1896. Vauxhall also covers more than fifty years, for their 5-h.p. car was out in 1903, and although to-day there is strong American backing for the Company, what one might call its indigenous past should not be forgotten. If anyone were inclined to forget it, the Vauxhalls in the Anglo-American car rally already referred to should have acted as a sharp reminder of great early achievements and notable pioneering feats.

So those really were "great" days in the story of motoring. The proof is that the veteran car to-day holds the attention as much as, or more than, the latest product. It may be a fanciful thought;

but it may also be true that the reason is that there is often more originality in the veteran. For instance, if the Rover Company had been out on the open road with its turbine-engined car in 1950, people would probably have been as interested in it as they are in a 1904 Renault.

Rover's received the 1950 Dewar Trophy for work done on the turbine car, and in the present year we have heard of another piece of useful pioneer work on the gas turbine as a prime mover for motor-cars: that done by the Austin Company's research department with the British Motor Corporation's turbine. This engine has a heat exchanger—as, indeed, any turbine must that hopes to be useful in a motor-car—and it has been run for development purposes in an Austin Sheerline saloon.

BRITISH engineers are therefore still 'thinking ahead'; still working for the future. If the motor-cars at Earls Court are examined they may not produce so marked an effect of technical striving as did the cars of fifty years ago; yet there is still evidence of originality. But to move from the pioneer to the production stage is a longer step. That is why there is still no turbine motor-car on the market, and why the public does not always see the efforts that are being made towards improvement. We do not, to-day, do our research work in public.

There are many British firms which can look back fifty years with pride. Mr. Rolls met Mr. Royce fifty years ago, as I reported closer to the actual date of their meeting. And the Rolls-Royce car obstinately clings to its pre-eminence, always just using enough, but not too much, of the latest techniques and the latest devices, always offering something special in the way of workmanship.

Both the Rolls-Royce and the Bentley cars are now available with the automatic gear-box, and although there have been criticisms of this box—I have made some myself—the consensus of opinion is that it enhances the pleasure of driving one of these beautiful machines. And if it is performance you're after, few cars can give it you more generously than the Continental Bentley. The considered judgment must be that the direction of Rolls-Royce—in the hands of Lord Hives and Mr. A. G. Elliott—is as firm and vigorous as ever in the Company's history.

NO attempt can be made here to offer a comprehensive survey of the exhibits at Earls Court. I shall rather select a few cars for comment now, and then refer to the others as opportunity offers in the future. The same must be said of the accessories and items of equipment. But I would like briefly to allude to the Dunlop tubeless tyre, because this is an interesting development, and I have myself bought a set of these tyres for my own car so that I may be able to report upon their behaviour to readers of The TATLER.

It will be necessary, of course, to do a considerable mileage before making a final judgment; but something can be said at once about the tyres themselves. The idea is as old as the idea of a tyre at all; but it has taken much painstaking work to bring the tyre to the stage of practical application and to reduce the price to where it is now—the same as for ordinary tube-plus-cover. In the Dunlop tubeless tyre the wheel-rim forms one side of the air chamber, the other being the cover itself, suitably lined.

The advantages claimed (and I repeat that I will report faithfully on these tyres when I have had sufficient personal experience of them in my own car) are the almost complete elimination of the risk of a flat tyre from puncture; much longer periods in which the pressure is held at the correct figure and improved toughness. So confident are the makers of the ability of the tyre to accept puncture without loss of pressure that it is possible that some cars will be offered in the near future *without* a spare wheel. The saving in money would not be great, but the saving in space and in weight would be important. I foresee a great future for the tubeless tyre, and I note with approval that Jaguar have decided to fit these tyres to their export cars in the future.

ANOTHER Jaguar point of special interest this year is the placing on the market of the "D" type model. The reason I single this out is not so much because of this car's remarkable performance—it was first and second in the Reims 12-hours event and at Le Mans it was doing over 172 miles an hour fully equipped—but because it offers to the public disc brakes. Disc brakes, like tubeless tyres, are old in conception but new in practical application. Jaguar, obviously determined to retain and to enhance the technical lead which they have won by so much fine work on the competition courses of the world, have taken a wise step in jumping the hurdles to tubeless tyres and disc brakes. Most people feel pretty sure that their example will be followed by many others. They have developed them in collaboration with Dunlop. If you want a disc brake or a tubeless tyre, why, you go to Jaguar for them!

Continued overleaf



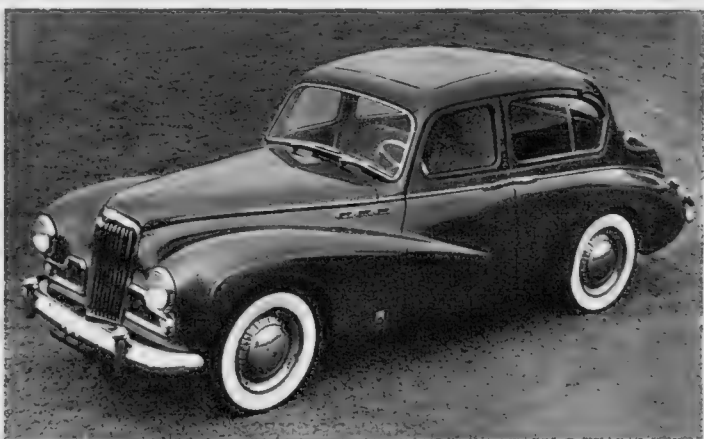
The new Humber Super Snipe, with the "Blue Riband" four-litre engine, has many improvements at no greater cost



A handsome newcomer is the Austin Cambridge saloon, remarkable for its detail refinement and fine appearance



Hillman introduce a Mark VIII range, of which this is an example. They are essentially fast and luxurious cruisers



Saloon version of the Sunbeam Mark III. The top speed is now 95 m.p.h. and the fuel consumption has been lowered



The first Vauxhall car, a single cylinder of five horse-power, which was a very popular production of the year 1903

Continuing—

FIFTY YEARS OF MOTORING

As for automatic transmissions, they will be exciting even more interest at Earls Court than last year. Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars continue to fit the automatic gear-box, a device of American origin, but considerably developed and "civilised" by Rolls-Royce in this country. Automatic transmission is also (as reported in a previous article) available in the Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire, and it is the same kind of automatic gear-box as is fitted to the Rolls-Royce and to the Bentley.

Then I can give satisfactory assurances about an entirely British automatic transmission, the Hobbs. The claim for the Hobbs transmission is that it is simpler than most transmission systems of American origin, and that it avoids their low mechanical efficiency. I gave details about it some years ago at Motor Show time, and I then expressed regret that no big British motor-car maker had adopted it. Now at least one British maker has done so, and soon it will be possible to have this transmission either as an optional extra or as standard in certain British cars. That is a welcome fact. The Hobbs transmission uses an epicyclic gear-box, and a feature is the low pinion speeds, a thing which contributes to silence in operation and reduced wear. I feel confident in repeating my prediction of years ago that the Hobbs transmission is going to become popular.

WHILE talking of transmissions I must turn to the new Bristol, the 405 four-door, four-seat saloon, which has not only Laycock-de Normanville overdrive, but also the free-wheel for first gear. The free-wheel is convenient when running up to a traffic stop, for first can be engaged silently and without adjusting the engine speed, in readiness for moving away again immediately the way is cleared. The overdrive is solenoid operated and can be engaged by a flick of the finger on the switch.

The Bristol remains basically the same, with the 2-litre engine giving up to 105 brake-horse-power. The body planning has been exceedingly skilful, the spare wheel being accommodated behind one of the front wheels under the valance, while on the other side there is a neat electrical "engine room" which will be appreciated by all who have been forced to trace electrical troubles on the road. At such times it is always raining and pitch dark; circumstances which provide the real test of fuse-box positioning and battery accessibility.

The Bristol has always been my favourite motor-car, because it appears to me to offer the kind of neat compactness, plus performance, that fit the road conditions of to-day. When driving a very large car I find that I tend to obtain lower utilisation. Parking problems lurk in the background and when the driver is alone it seems silly to cart a vast drawing-room about. It is the conciseness of the Bristol that appeals to me. The 405 is a somewhat larger car, but it remains extremely compact. It is, of course, expensive. The 405, including purchase tax, costs £3188 12s. 6d. The 405 drophead, with Abbott coachwork, is the same price. The 403 is £2976 2s. 6d., while the lovely little 404 coupé is £3330 5s. 10d.

ANOTHER concise motor-car in a lower price category is the Mark 3 Sunbeam. The company appears to have dropped "Sunbeam-Talbot" and to have settled for the name that used to hit the headlines in the Segrave days, and before them. The Mark 3 Sunbeam has the Laycock-de Normanville overdrive as an optional extra. It costs, with tax, £63 15s. above the total price for the saloon of £1127 7s. 6d. Sunbeam is one of the Rootes Group.

Another Rootes Group car which deserves notice is the Hillman Minx de Luxe saloon, which is one of the Mark 8 range of Hillmans and has the overhead-valve engine. (The side-valve engine is still available in the Minx Special saloon.) Acceleration and top speed are claimed to have been considerably improved in the Mark 8 range, which includes the convertible and the Californian.

Other Rootes Group cars are the Mark 6 Humber Hawk (also with overhead-valve engine), which was announced in its present form about a month ago, and the Mark 4 Super Snipe.

Now for a few additional points about the Austin Cambridge. As I mentioned when the car was introduced, the aim is to fit the car to the motoring pattern of large numbers of people by offering alternative specifications. Thus there is the A40, with 1200 c.c. engine, and there is the A50, with 1500 c.c. engine; there



The Cresta is the latest Vauxhall. It is mechanically similar to the Velox, but embodies a wide range of de luxe fittings



"If it is performance you're after, few cars can give it more generously than the Continental Bentley." This is the drophead model



A full six-seater body is carried by the chunky and versatile Morris Oxford Series II. It is roomier for both people and luggage



is a two-door or a four-door body, and there are eleven different colour schemes. The Cambridge is a completely new car, with a longer wheelbase, and consequently a roomier body than the Somerset. Brake and clutch pedals are hydraulically operated. The basic price of the A40 with 1200 c.c. engine and two-door body is £458, to which purchase tax must be added.

The Ford range of cars to be shown at Earls Court is fundamentally unaltered. The Popular and the new Anglia and Prefect have become, the Ford Company tells me, "best sellers" in the light car field. At a basic £275 the Popular remains, by a large margin, the lowest-priced saloon motor-car in the world. The Consol, Zephyr and Zodiac remain unchanged mechanically, though there have been a few minor alterations to such things as the interior appointments. There is also the new-type rear lamp, incorporating reflector and meeting the latest regulations.

I must once more emphasise that it is only possible to make an arbitrary choice of the matters to be mentioned in this article. I would like to devote a great deal of space, for instance, to the Continental makes: the Simca, with its smaller wheels; the little Renault, with the automatic clutch; the Mercédès, with fuel injection; the 570-c.c. Fiat 500; the Volkswagen, with its flat-four, air-cooled engine; but if I turned to these machines many equally important British makes would be neglected. I shall therefore concentrate, in future articles, first upon the British exhibits which have not yet been mentioned, and then upon the general technical implications of this year's event.

Already the space problem intrudes itself; for I had intended to make a few preliminary comments upon the twenty-fifth Monte Carlo Rally. The Automobile Club of Monaco issued the regulations a few weeks ago and there are some points which deserve notice. But they must await a suitable opportunity when Show pressure has diminished.

Extreme elegance marks the Bristol 405, with drophead coupé body by E. D. Abbott. Its 2-litre engine develops no less than 105 b.h.p.



Power is indeed packed into the David Brown Lagonda. Mr. Brown is seen at the wheel after he had been testing



Zichy

NO SCRIPTWRITERS ARE MORE ADEPT than Frank Muir and Denis Norden at extruding the higher lunacies of the contemporary scene. They are here working on their current TV series "And So to Bentley." Their radio perennial, "Take It From Here," starts on Dec. 9th

Television

A STUDY IN CONTRAST



WHEN "Panorama" reopens to-night, the B.B.C. will have evaded a decision on the photo-finish between its contrasted chairmen: Max Robertson and Malcolm Muggeridge.

Instead, TV investments in personality will be spread and viewers will see both Mr. Muggeridge's authoritative idiosyncrasy and Mr. Robertson's smooth and impersonal urbanity.

Muggeridge is a personality of the age who deserves more serious scope than the "grumble spot" allocated to him as though he were another Gilbert Harding. But he and Mr. Robertson are both assets to "Panorama." Viewers to-night will have a chance to choose between these guides to the topical fortnightly magazine which, like so many TV programmes, tends to be livelier in manner the more serious its matter.

On the same night we welcome the return of one of TV's most distinctive personalities: the Indian journalist, Shakuntala Shrinagesh, chairman of "Asian Club." Miss Shrinagesh has beauty, authority, poise and intelligence.

"Asian Club" itself is one of TV's most vital and stimulating programmes, well worth anybody's curiosity. Nowadays when Asia looms so large on maps, the pertinence and vigour of the Asian students' questions is striking. To-night their European guest is Mr. James Laver; the subject, "The Mystery of Clothes," offers more scope than may at first appear.

THREE of TV's gilt-edged personalities reappear this week-end. Jeanne Heal, who specialises in the lame and halt, on Friday turns for a short series to the plight of Old Age. Next day, Peter Scott, TV's Papageno, shows birds in Iceland. On Sunday Wilfred Pickles goes "straight" to play the Robert Donat part in the Lancashire comedy, *Cure for Love*.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart

At The Pictures

Experiment In Adult Cinema

IT must have taken courage to make *Lease of Life*. Here we have the British cinema bravely trying to put across an adult story in an adult way, with all the risk that implies at the box-office. It makes me proud. I hope it succeeds.

It comes from the distinguished stable of Ealing Studios; produced by Sir Michael Balcon, directed by Charles Frend, scripted by Eric Ambler.

It also signals the return to the screen of that fine actor, Robert Donat, who has had a long battle against illness. He can rest assured that he has lost nothing of his skill.

The film has the integrity and the satisfying texture of a good Victorian novel. In this fact, of course, lies also its weakness. It lacks the slickness and speed to which the film-goer has been addicted. The simple reality of its values will be rather a shock, too.

ROBERT DONAT is a sick and poor north-country parson who is told confidentially by his doctor that he has only a year to live. He decides to use it to the best advantage. Kay Walsh is his good and harassed wife; Adrienne Corri his daughter, whose musical talent wins her a scholarship, but in so doing imposes further sacrifices on the overstrained household.

Then fortune beckons. In the near-by cathedral city the school needs a new chaplain. Our parson, a candidate, is invited to preach the Founder's Day sermon. He exhorts the boys to live their lives freely and courageously, and not to think that just keeping the rules is a substitute for virtue. This doctrine finds no pedagogic favour and he does not get the job.

So his wife, desperate for the money, breaks the rules in a big way by pilfering a trust fund held by her husband. Discovery is imminent. However, Parson Donat's unusual sermons have attracted Press notice. Soon he earns enough from journalism to replace the stolen funds.

It is a well-told story, often very moving. It does not lack humour of the gentler English kind in the telling. Donat's performance is noteworthy. In the sequence, where he learns of his approaching death and wanders wordless round the cathedral and round his parish, he is at his compelling best.

Kay Walsh is admirable as the wife. There must have been a temptation to make the daughter, Adrienne Corri, into a thoughtless young thing. However, she is acutely



Spyglasses are wielded effectively by James Stewart and Wendell Corey in "Rear Window"

conscious of the clash between her ambition and her parents' welfare, and Miss Corri does full justice to this situation. She is ably supported by Denholm Elliott as her music teacher and admirer.

The production has dignity. It moves with Trollopian deliberation in the jungle of provincial ecclesiastical life. I suppose I have said enough to put you off going. Nothing could be further from my intention.

By contrast, all the tricks of the trade are on view in *Rear Window*, Alfred Hitchcock's latest piece of screen legerdemain. "Now Alfred Hitchcock, the master of suspense, brings you his masterpiece," the programme tells us. Perhaps I was too keyed-up by this announcement. I did not find the suspense in this film screwed up to the Hitchcock pitch till a good half-way through. Until then the master seemed more intent on showing us his skill in creating character or making social comment with a few camera movements. At this he is unsurpassed. So I did not get quite what I expected. But what I got was highly diverting.

In the Hitchcock tradition the action is confined to one room. Here, at the window, immobilised with a broken leg, sits James Stewart, ace press photographer. The rest of the world reaches him and us via the telescopic camera lens through which, to pass the time, he observes the domestic life of his neighbours in a New York apartment house. Seemingly, in such places, people hardly ever draw their blinds.

Telescopically we follow the fortunes and misfortunes of such characters as "Miss Lonely Heart," "Miss Torso," the newly-weds and the composer. Gradually, with Stewart, we become obsessed with the odd behaviour of one man, whose invalid wife disappears. Has he murdered her? I leave you to go and find out.

Stewart's vigil is enlivened by visits from his glamorous and amorous girlfriend, Grace Kelly, a philosophising masseuse, Thelma Ritter, and a sceptical detective friend, Wendell Corey. All are skilfully drawn into the spell of Stewart's Peeping-Tom life.

James Stewart is quite a match for his part. But all through one has the feeling that actors and actresses are just puppets in the hands of the magician Hitchcock.

—Dennis W. Clarke



Frances Kave

DIVA OF THE PET SHOP might once have been the description of the U.S. singer Patti Page, whose rendering of "How Much is That Doggie in the Window?" made it a globe-girdling hit. As recounted below, this success was no accident, and is being improved upon.

Gramophone Notes

WHEN THIRTEEN WAS LUCKY



PATTI PAGE, who created that "Doggie in the Window" song and whose record of "Tennessee Waltz" sold three million copies, needs little introduction to the many, but there may be

some to whom Miss Page just doesn't mean a thing!

This young singer comes from Claremore, Oklahoma, the township from which Will Rogers also hailed.

Born Clara Ann Fowler, she is one-eighth Cherokee Indian, and adopted her present name at the request of the sponsor for her first fifteen-minute radio show—the Page Milk Company broadcast from Tulsa.

Her initial recordings created no undue excitement. It was with her thirteenth "cutting" of "Confess" on which she harmonised with her own voice that she made a hit. Since then Patti Page has continued her steady rise to stardom.

It was inevitable that, sooner or later, someone should contrive a successor to the "Doggie" song, and it has come out with a bang in the shape of "The Mama Doll Song," an innocuous, simple little number, but one which is being rushed on to records by all and sundry. It is to the credit of Patti Page that she got away with it to a flying start.

THAT she succeeds where others who have followed in her wake do not is doubtless due to her own simple sincerity. But that isn't all! As a coupling Miss Page shows her capabilities in complete contrast by introducing us to a *chanson* which is quite a *quelque chose*. It is called "I Can't Tell a Waltz from a Tango." So—here you have it, a double-sided record, which, if it doesn't top the two-million sales mark, will oblige me to eat the hat I so seldom wear; a feat *très difficile*, but entirely worth trying on Patti Page's account! (Mercury M.B. 3161.)

—Robert Tredinnick

Windsor Bid For Basle To-morrow

MEMBERS of the British equestrian team who will to-morrow be competing in the three-day event at the European Games at Basle have been undergoing the most thorough and rigorous training. With the Queen's permission, the Royal Mews at Windsor were used as H.Q., and each morning the five horsemen and horsewomen rode out to exercise their mounts in Windsor Great Park. All care has been taken to ensure, so far as possible, that the European title is retained for Britain, and not only has attention been paid to physical fitness, but in the afternoons leading trainers have visited the Mews and discussed tactics and allied matters with the riders

Major F. W. C. Weldon and Miss Diana Mason, followed by Major Jim Russell and Major Laurence Rook, ride out of Windsor Castle for a morning's exercise



On Buying A Farm

THE TOTTENHAM WONDER

SINCE I started to get to know ducks a new and important factor has entered my life. It has the terrifying name of Special Processed Pulverised Tottenham Pudding.

The first time I heard that potent alliteration was when I asked a duck expert what I should give my ducks to eat. He said don't give them Special Processed Pulverised Tottenham Pudding. I was able to agree with him as emphatically as one expert does with another, for the simple reason that until that moment I had never heard of it. For a brief moment (something in the sounding of it perhaps) a long-lost bouquet of Mr. Weston's Good Wine irrelevantly and irreverently stroked the nostrils of my mind before we passed on to the kindergarten class on how to tell the difference between a duck and a drake.

To most people, concerned only with duck eating, this is unlikely ever to have been an important consideration. But ducks, for the best results, should be mixed in a ratio of one

male to four females—a thoroughly anti-social arrangement. And who knows what would happen to your duck farm if you were uncertain of the sexes or got the ratio the wrong way round? Some sort of nuclear fission?

It was in order to avoid this and other mistakes that I went off for a few days to one of the most successful duck farms in the country, owned by an ex-Fleet Air Arm pilot, whose products feature on Royal menus on duck nights. There I learnt that if you catch a duck and clasp it to your bosom it quacks, not unnaturally; and if you catch a drake and do the same it hisses. And so it jolly well should.

In due course, too, I asked the inevitable question: What do you give them to eat?

"Come over here and I'll show you."

We walked over to a great glutinous heap of some substance the colour of death and damnation with the consistency of rather bad, massed mincemeat. An odour of primeval slime hung heavily over it. It had to me the appearance



of the beginning of things—and the end. "What is it," I whispered, my voice coming on tiptoe.

"That," said my host, "is Special Pulverised Tottenham Pudding, and it is the finest possible meal you can give a duck."

THE prosaic words snatched me back from my contemplation of eternity and maggots and I was able to see that the smell of mixed ages-past and forever-and-ever came from nothing but a heterogeneous mass of green peas, potatoes, carrots and other vegetables according to the season of the year, held together by the scrapings of the plates of all the best hotels and other establishments thrown in democratically with the left-overs of Tottenham and Tooting. What is more, it is Pulverised according to Ministry specification, whatever that means, and contains meat, offal, bread, yeast, fish and vegetables. It has the whole alphabet of vitamins and, if somebody could get it down to the right size, it should make an effective pill.

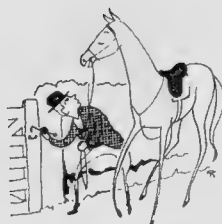
In the past week or two I have got to know SPPTP rather well and I am beginning to form quite an affection for it. Since the proof of this pudding is very much in the eating, this is a good thing, and very soon great lorry-loads of Tottenham Pudding will be pulverising the tarmac of East Anglia, to find its way back eventually to its point of origin on the lush tables of London.

When you come to consider the matter, it makes one of Nature's well-known circles.

—ROBERT CRISP

At The Races

LANDAU'S LAST EFFORT



ONE thing would seem to emerge from recent happenings on the Turf—not to be in a hurry to back Landau anywhere! And most emphatically not at Newmarket, which he seems to hate.

We often hear of horses for courses, but there are also courses for horses, and Newmarket must be a closed book for Her Majesty's colt. Ordinarily he would be condemned as a rogue out of hand, but let us hope that he may retrieve his reputation in the U.S.A.

It would appear from a couple of letters which I have had, that there are still a few people left who, in spite of barbed wire and other disadvantages, think that a day's hunting may be good fun. One correspondent wants to know which are the easiest packs to get at near London, and the other which country, outside Leicestershire, would provide the most fun for the least money. Both these questions

are a bit difficult to answer, since conditions have become so altered. As to the "from London" facilities, I should say that the best were the Whaddon and the Old Surrey and Burstow, in the latter of which very good hirelings can be had from my old friend Sam Marsh at either Redhill or Edenbridge.

I do not know so much about the Whaddon Chase situation, having usually ridden "other kinds," but once, when I struck a real shocker. The Whaddon is not the place for a bad horse, because it is so strongly enclosed, to say nothing of many sizeable brooks, though most of them jumpable. You need a horse that can hop along a bit, for "London's Leicestershire" is mostly grass, and consequently faster than a plough country. As to the "outside Leicestershire" question, the nearest and best is the Bicester. It is the second cousin of the Grafton and Warwickshire, mostly grass with

plenty to jump for those fond of that sort of thing.

If distance is no bar, then I should recommend that little gem of a country, the Sinnington, in Yorkshire; stiff with foxes, small coverts and not too forbidding obstacles, but nicer to meet on a horse that knows the tricks of the trade, a thing that is true of any country anywhere.

The O.B.H. used to be a very convenient sort of place for almost any kind of horse, as it was not exactly stiff. It is a good thing to find anyone anxious to go out hunting at all in these days of heavy expense and great difficulties.

MISS PAT SMYTHE's book, *Jump for Joy* (Cassells; 12s. 6d.), all about her adventures in the show ring, where she has made such a name for herself, I feel will be pleasant reading to anyone interested in that form of diversion. Pat Smythe is the daughter of a mother who herself rode very well, and did a lot of good work during the war.

The book is profusely illustrated by photographs, taken at various places, of the author jumping these peculiar obstacles which seem to find favour in the show ring, but which are not at all like the real thing, some of them grotesquely unlike. Anyway, I wish the young authoress all the luck which she deserves, and many more jumping successes.

—SABRETACHE



Miss Margaret Hough, who won the 1954 Badminton trials on Bambi V., adjusted one of her mount's stirrups



Major Weldon, captain of the British team, cleared a fence in fine style on his horse Kilbarry during a practice out in the Park



Miss Diana Mason was giving Tramella's bit some attention. This year they came third in the Badminton trials

Desmond O'Neill



"In your hands, my fellow countrymen. . ."

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

COMPARED with a serious motoring problem confided to us at a party a few years ago by our late chum Robert Benchley, most of the little troubles we find the boys weeping and stamping over in the motoring Press any week seem to us the sort of thing Nanny could settle in five minutes (no offence).

Benchley's problem, which the American motoring Press failed signally to solve for him, was as follows. In the thick of the usual Sunday-night jam with 25,000 other cars returning to New York along the Bronx River Parkway, Benchley was perturbed by a strong voice coming suddenly from the rear seat of his (previously) empty Lincoln saloon, exclaiming: "Government of the people; for the people, by the people!"

Furtive glances in the mirror showed the unknown passenger to be a tall, gaunt, rugged, striking figure with deep-set eyes of shining sincerity, in a reverie which Benchley respected. Embarrassment nevertheless reached a peak when a traffic-cop eventually kerbed Benchley for careless driving and Benchley's protests were drowned by a sudden boom from the rear: "In your hands, my fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war!"

"What the hell—?" barked the cop, poking his head inside.

"The name's Lincoln," said the gaunt unknown quietly, and vanished. A pause, and Benchley drove on, pale but unscathed.

Footnote

THIS happened three times. All the motoring Press could think of when approached was to shout in chorus that ex-President Abraham Lincoln was never a passenger of Benchley's; but this was incorrect, as the ex-President himself assured Benchley's favourite psychiatrist a week later, just before his (Lincoln's) final disappearance. Possibly not a few British motorists know the same kind of predicament. We once listened to a long, rambling complaint about Jane ("Baby") Austen which seemed to involve this kind of persecution. More shame to those who should soothe and help the motoring boys in their trials.

Nuts

IN every smart nut-food restaurant in town that cry—"You've never heard of a vegetarian beauty queen!"—at the recent Blackpool congress of the National Federation of Meat Traders' Associations is still evoking anger and derision, our spies report. Every vegetarian girl is a beauty queen, as an official spokesman reminded us last week.

His list of notable vegetarian beauties down the ages, from Helen of Troy to Mrs. "Tiny" Fauncethorpe and Babs Tippet, twice crowned "Miss Heavy Engineering" (1953-4), seemed

to us less shattering than his final remark that this testament of loveliness is "the secret canker gnawing at the hearts of beef-gorged West End clubmen, from whose polluted embrace vegetarian beauty shrinks with loathing." In and around Pall Mall this is generally admitted. You see clubmen thus foiled moodily biting their nails in the window. The old smoking-room cry of "Pray, Gaddingham, do you recount to us some of your latest conquests!" is now gall and vinegar to them. Gaitered, impressive figures returning to the cruel See nod curtly and pass on tight-lipped. Down in the kitchens the third assistant deputy-chef (B. ès L., Sorbonne) mutters "*L'Amour de ce noble cœur s'exhale en sanglots*." Everyone is careful to avoid the topic of grass or nuts, which leaves only the weather. "Fine day, Gaddingham!" (Snarl.)

We think the official spokesman should have said something about spots on the nose, however.

Flaw

"At last!" cried our favourite Nature boy exultantly in print. He had just seen an osprey (*Pandion haliaetus*), a bird he had been longing to see. Whether the osprey saw him he didn't say. Whether it was longing to see him we take leave to doubt, and strongly.

Here, it seems to us, is the essential flaw in the Nature-racket. The pleasure is one-sided. In their cups most birdwatchers will confess that those of our feathered chums who don't show active loathing (such as the whinchat) don't

give two hoots if they see a birdwatcher or not. Oddly enough a letter (No. LXVII) from Gilbert White to Daines Barrington reveals that the Nature boys themselves share this distaste for being spied on at their labours. Quote:

"The Peruvian llama expresses repentment, on perceiving himself to be under observation, by spitting smartly in the eye of the person guilty of such rudeness. The same protest is surely legitimate in gentlemen stared at while pursuing the study of Nature."

A bit irrational? A trifle open to criticism? If Barrington, a Benchler of the Middle Temple, ever spat at interlopers we guess he spat with extreme prudence and circumspection. (See Chitty on Torts, IV., App. C. par. 15 (d). Also Blackstone, *De Sputando in Forma Commune*, I, 157-9.)

Afterthought

IT is well known that birdwatchers will frequently watch birds for hours without being aware that the cops are watching them simultaneously. A Mrs. Hargreaves sends us an even more interesting example of multiple observation at the Zoo, having once watched a camel watching the (then) Mayor of Kensington watching an F.Z.S. watching a cop watching a brother-Fellow watching a blonde watching a cassowary watching Doc Huxley, then passing. The cassowary was the only link in this chain with a reasonable excuse, barring of course the cop. Nature-lovers will draw their own conclusions.

Interlude

TO a critic alleging that modern poets cannot employ old verse-forms like the triolet and the villanelle because these belong to a more gracious and civilised age, and went out anyway with Austin Dobson, we beg to offer a triolet of vibrant contemporary interest.

"Drains to you!" said the English Rose—
I wonder if she really meant it?

Her face was perfect in repose,
("Drains to you!" said the English Rose),
And re-examining my nose,

I found her punch had merely bent it.
"Drains to you!" said the English Rose—
I wonder if she really meant it?

Recited at a Poetry Matinée by a dainty little actress with a low, husky voice, this would sound, we think, utterly charming, unless she ruined it by making faces, as they often do. The operative word, "Drains," should be lightly breathed, not roared. At the last line a wistful look comes into the lover's eyes, and between "wonder" and "if" there is a slight pause. The audience must imagine him pressing the dents out of his bowler—which he would possibly have removed indoors, though this is optional—with one wary eye on the fair, then tripping delicately out. (End.)



"Peruvian llama expresses repentment. . ."



Sir Noël Bowater, the retiring Lord Mayor, examined with interest a churchwarden pipe offered to him after dinner by Lt.-Col. A. G. Steele, Captain of Pikemen, dressed in the ceremonial scarlet and lace

Lord Mayor Dined By Candlelight

ARMOURY HOUSE blazed with colour and candlelight during the Honourable Artillery Company's Annual Feast, at which Pikemen and Musketeers entertained the Lord Mayor and other guests



Lady Bowater was entertained by Major-Gen. Sir Julian Gascoigne, Colonel Commandant of the Honourable Artillery Company. After the Loyal Toast the company heard a recital of Old English ballads



Mrs. F. R. G. Bell and Drum Beater J. H. Leaman chatted to other guests over coffee at their table in the picturesque Long Room



Mrs. J. Stanley smoked a cigarette, while Pikeman A. T. Mountford (left) and Ensign A. J. G. Hands both enjoyed their pipes

Book Reviews

SEARCHLIGHT
ON A TORTURER

Elizabeth Bowen

LAURENS VAN DER POST'S *A BAR OF SHADOW* (Hogarth Press; 5s.) is a slim volume—in fact, a long short story. Magnitude in writing is not, however, an affair of so many thousands of words, and, in this case, we have a theme of which many another author might fight shy—that of cruelty and forgiveness.

How does a man feel towards his torturer? Two friends, formerly prisoners-of-war in Japanese hands, meet again, in the calm of the English wintry countryside, for the first time after their good-bye at the prison gates. That had been five years ago. Their affection, the terrors and depths of a shared experience, had created more than an ordinary bond between them—but now, at the outset of a Christmas visit, they are conscious of a constraint. "As we walked across the fields," says the "I" of the story, "we hardly spoke."

A random question serves to unlock the silence. "You have not," one asks the other, "by any chance run into 'Rottang' Hara again?" For John Lawrence, to whom the query has been put, replies: "I have been thinking of him all day. I can't get him out of my mind."

HARA, the sadistic, half-crazy little Japanese sergeant, had been virtually in command of the prisoner-of-war camp—his superior officer was a cypher. Hara had to his name a list of atrocities, plus what could seem no less malign—a cat-and-mouse attitude to the men in his power.

His demonic rages, his outbursts of persecution, had alternated—and in a way which to the Western mind was incomprehensible—with moods of a naïve and genuine geniality. Curious to know about Father Christmas, he had, for instance, suspended the death-sentence hanging over the prisoner who told him: that prisoner, it happened, had been John Lawrence—who, all the same, continued to suffer no less execrably at Hara's hands.

Two things, however, combined to give Lawrence an almost mystic insight into his persecutor. The relationship between the tormentor and his victim had in itself set up a sort of intimacy, from which—extraordinary as it might seem—there had not been lacking



THE SYRACUSE CABBY, described by Roger Peyrefitte in *South from Naples* (Thames and Hudson; 21s.), illustrated by Gunter Boehmer

mutual respect; and also, Lawrence had known Japan well before the war—he could recognise Hara as the product of a system, and as, in his own tradition-distorted way, a single-minded devotee and idealist. Into the mouth of Lawrence (talking of Hara to his friend as they walk the fields together) Mr. van der Post has put his own knowledge; for the experiences comprehended in *A Bar of Shadow* have been his; the book is largely autobiographical. So, the forgivingness of the character in the story is something more than visionary and exalted: it is based upon formidable truth.

By this time Hara is no more. Found guilty by a war crimes tribunal, he has been hanged. On the eve of his execution he had sent word asking Lawrence to come and see him: the message had arrived only just in time. The conversation in the cell, surrounded by the whole beauty of the moonlight night, is the unforgettable core of *A Bar of Shadow*: the little sergeant's attitude to his own death and, not less, Lawrence's own sense that there is something wrong in this retribution, both emerge.

Probably no writer other than Mr. van der Post could have, fittingly, given us this scene—and, as it is, Lawrence's findings, feelings and thoughts may arouse hostility in some readers. All the more, this book should be pondered on. Since he wrote *Venture to the Interior*, Laurens van der Post has stood out as unique in his understanding of our time, with its preposterous, heart-breaking human problems; and *A Bar of Shadow* is probably his best work.

MR. H. E. BATES's new novel, *THE FEAST OF JULY* (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), also has retribution as its theme. The scene is the English Midlands (whose landscape, people and atmosphere this author has always magically portrayed) and the time, the end of the nineteenth century. Into a little tannery town, on a snowy night, comes the girl from the sea-coast, Bella Ford—indomitable, though numb with fatigue and cold. She is in search of the lover who has deserted her, and whose child she is about to bear. Arch Wilson said he lived there: that is all she knows.

In name only has the girl lost her virtue: the pathos and dignity of her state appeals to a kindly old lamplighter, who takes her home and makes her one of his family. There is something Biblical about the Wainwrights' hospitality to the young stranger: in their midst Bella (her child born dead) returns slowly to health and strength, and to a beauty which is a revelation to the three Wainwright sons, each of whom courts her in his own way. But on the eve of her marriage, her former lover reappears—impenitent, jeering, brutal.

Inevitably, there are moments in *The Feast of July* when one cannot but think of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. Is Bella, haunted by her betrayer, to come to Tess's doom? The outcome of the violent scene by the river brings the gallows near—though not, as it proves, to her. Desperate flight from the law sends Bella and Con to the lonely cottage which offers shelter to their love. The end of *The Feast of*

July is nobly written, with all that country-loving intimacy of detail (such as the red-currant bushes covered with old lace curtains) of which Mr. Bates is acknowledged master.

EDWARD STREETER'S *Mr. Hobbs's Holiday* (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.) is a family comedy—sure, I think, to appeal. For the author not long ago gave us *Father of the Bride*, which showed us that on the predicaments of a middle-aged father of growing girls Mr. Streeter certainly is an expert. In this case we have an August vacation, with all its hopes and fears, seen through the eyes of mild Mr. Hobbs. Scene, an island off the New England coast much favoured by high-class "summer people": the Hobbses (from Cleveland) have rented a furnished house which bears the romantic name of Grey Gables. One of Mrs. Hobbs's friends had said it was marvellous—but the family disembarks from the island ferry to be confronted by an appallingly gaunt dwelling.

Seldom have I met a better description of what might be called a "professional" to-belet-furnished seaside house—broken-sprung sofas, damp beds, and plumbing which fails to work. Mrs. Hobbs, unconquerable optimist, has already invited the married daughters and full complement of temperamental grandchildren. And, further, one must contend with local society—the island is nothing if not gregarious. Needless to say, it is at a dire moment that Mrs. Hobbs's impeccable former school-friend arrives to call. Kate, the yet-to-be-married daughter, does not hesitate to express her opinion of things as they are. And what of poor Mr. Hobbs? Well, he sees it through.

This story throws an interesting light on well-to-do America's summer habits. But its comedy-interest is universal—here is quite a parallel to Our *Diary of a Provincial Lady* and the not less immortal *Diary of a Nobody*. Of books of this kind one can't have enough.

Other Book Suggestions

CROCODILE FEVER, by Lawrence Earl (Collins; 12s. 6d.). Very tense and exciting hunting annals, full of wild-life interest. Scene, the heart of Africa. Study, also, of the personality of the hunter, Bryan Dempster. Illustrated by photographs.

A LONG WAY FROM PIMLICO, by Robert Standish (Peter Davies; 12s. 6d.). A novel to be commended to all who like islands—that is, practically all. Kate Grimthorpe, a clergyman's daughter, first works in a London shop, then finds herself far afield—successfully rum-running in the Caribbean. All shows how far adventurousness can take one, and what sheer "character" can do.

THE CHRISTMAS BOOK, by Francis X. Weiser (Staples; 10s. 6d.). A history of the growth of the Christmas idea, the celebrations back through the ages, and the growth of the customs which have come to attend it. Never too early to think about Christmas; and what Mr. Weiser tells will give background-interest to celebrations to come.



"THE MAJESTIC ONE," true hero of Mr. Lehmann's story, takes tea with his admirers in the garden on a warm summer's afternoon. Charming illustration by B. Biro, the book is published by Messrs. Jarrolds at 12s. 6d.



TWO HORSE-LOVERS who find their ideal steed, only to fall in love with each other, are the principal characters (human) in *The Noble Stallion*, written by Arthur-Heinz Lehmann and translated by James and Marila Cleugh



Eric Coop

Lady Diana Cooper's Granddaughter

THE HON. ARTEMIS COOPER

*S*HE is only seventeen months old, but wears her Victorian flounces and ribbon with a sweetly becoming gravity. As the daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Norwich, she was born into two families renowned for good looks and brains, her paternal grandmother being Lady Diana Cooper, while her lovely young mother, formerly Miss Anne Clifford, elder daughter of the Hon. Sir Bede and Lady Clifford, is a gifted artist

*John French*



A Choice for Open Car Days . . . by Mariel Deans

Coat

THIS lovely stone-coloured coat, made in a blended wool and cashmere cloth, is a perfect garment for motoring. Its drab-coloured elegance, pale velvet half-collar and horn buttons suggest the Edwardian dandy, whilst its beautifully tailored, rather straight lines, make it very much a this-season's model. Designed and made by Aquascutum, of Regent Street, it seems to us wonderfully good value at 25 gns. The car is an Austin Healey 100

Scarf

SOME scarves for the motoring enthusiast. **Top**, "Grand Prix," an amusing road-racing design in pure silk, 89s. 6d. **Centre**, "Herbarium," also shown in the photograph on the left, price 17s. 6d., and, **bottom**, "Lily of the Valley" also 17s. 6d. All these scarves come from Jacqmar of Grosvenor St.

and Gloves

THESE are eight-button length made in the dull silk jersey that for the last year or so has so revolutionized our glove-wardrobes. Priced at about 15s. (less for a shorter length) they are to be found at good glove counters throughout the country





“ . . . TO THE SHIRE-CLEAVING ROAD

Driving Outfits that Match
the Beauty of the Cars

MANY women visiting the Motor Show at Earls Court this week (writes Mariel Deans) will be indulging in day-dreams of themselves perfectly turned out against the background of the perfect motor car. Here are four outfits we would love to possess, while the motor car completes the ensemble. The very fine black wool jersey three-piece suit (above) comes from Italy. The white facings of the collar link it with the black and white striped sweater. It comes from Finnigans in Bond Street, who also sell the small black velour hat. The car is a Humber Hawk saloon



THAT BECKONS"

AN Italian-style coarse-knit cardigan by Holyrood Knitwear. Made in a ribbed knit with a pretty cross-over high collar and raglan sleeves, it is stocked by Fenwick of Bond Street. The skirt, by Gor-ray, New Bond St., is permanently pleated in pure wool worsted. The car is a Daimler Conquest Roadster



POISED FOR A DAY-LONG

Whether a Passenger, or at the Wheel,
these Coats give Travel a New Pleasure

BRADLEY'S glowing, cherry-coloured velour coat has a huge beaver collar. This warm and cosy garment has a wide wrap-over to the skirt which makes it a really good car-coat for winter. The hat, in matching red melusine, comes from Debenham and Freebody. The car is a Rover 90 saloon



JOURNEY

SWAN and Edgar sell this camel-coloured, three-quarter length coat. Made of an all-wool cloth, double breasted, with a large, masculine collar, it has a warm quilted lining and deep pockets. Swan and Edgar also sell the comfortably wide brown wool skirt. The car is a Ford Consul



Cold Collation

THE success of a buffet supper rests largely on the way in which it is presented. It should not only please the palate, but light the eye. Here are some ideas for serving it with a new twist

—JEAN CLELAND

This cocktail set, very decorative and handy for quick mixing, will add to the party spirit. The price is £4 8s., from Finnigans



These round table mats with flower prints in lovely colours are fresh and different. The large ones are £4 16s. for the set of six, and the small ones 8s. each. From Fortnum & Mason



Hors-d'oeuvre dishes, gaily decorated with appropriate designs in bright colours, that should give a festive note to the party. £2 6s. each from Harrods

SHOPPING LIST

Good New Days in the Kitchen



Left: the "Leisure" planned kitchen by Froy, in white with red handles and primrose Waverite tops. The Formica-topped table is light grey with red design



Right: a section of the "De Luxe" custom-built kitchen, also by Froy, showing drop table and other cupboards. The colour scheme is pink and white

PEOPLE who mull over the joys of the good old days with nostalgic yearning are apt to have gaps in their memory. Over the years they remember what was pleasant, and forget all that was bad. "Things are not what they were," they say, meaning that everything has changed for the worse.

Not everything. Kitchens are not what they were, but these are an outstanding example of something that has changed for the better.

At a party given by Froy's of Hammersmith the other night, I wandered around envying whichever of my neighbours were going to be lucky enough to own one of the modern labour-saving rooms all set out for our inspection. Some women crave for furs, jewels

and luxurious cars, but if I had a wish I would settle for one of the new kitchens designed to make work seem like play. At a time when domestic help is here today and gone tomorrow, to have a room that is easy to cook in and pleasant to eat in is my idea of heaven.

The first picture shows the "Leisure" planned kitchen-dining-room and the second features a Formica-topped cupboard unit which forms a division between the working and dining part of the kitchen.

THERE are rounded shelves to hold plates, electric iron, etc.—all ready to hand—and, on the other side, revolving trays—with vegetables and fruit—at ground level.

Prices for the fitting up of these modern planned kitchens can be had from Froy's, who also supply details and cost of suitable wall coverings and flooring. Various types of kitchen equipment can be bought separately and fitted into an existing scheme.

WITH my mind still on kitchens, I found at Bourne & Hollingsworth's two things of great culinary assistance. First, a new "Scraper Spoon," with long handle and plastic bowl which makes it pliable for getting into corners and around curves, for 1s. 11d. And second, a neat little "Sugar Dispenser," which when you press a button releases a teaspoonful of sugar at a time. You will find it very useful. It costs 5s. 6d.



Original and quite new. A set of Italian pottery cheese plates with a culinary design on each one. The cheese should taste extra good served in this way. The plates cost 7s. 6d. each, and can be had from Liberty's



It makes you hungry just to look at the crusty loaf on this tiled cheese board made of pleasantly grained wood with a wide and deep trough to catch the crumbs. With knife it costs £3 9s. 6d. From Fortnum & Mason

Dennis Smith



Beauty

APPETITE, YOUR SLAVE

"THE smaller your waistline, the longer your life." This is the maxim of Gayelord Hauser, world famous for his dietary teaching.

For many years I have read the writings of this interesting man who seems to have discovered the secret of how to "eat your way to good health, good looks and long life." When I was invited to meet him by Mrs. Lawrie Newton Sharpe, News Editor to Harrods, I accepted with alacrity.

The first thing that struck me about Mr. Hauser was that he obviously practises what he preaches. Tall, powerfully built, and with the figure of a young man, he exudes good health and vitality. "People often ask me my age," he said—no doubt seeing the question I was longing to ask in my eye—"and I say this. Life is divided into two parts, the first up to fifty, and the second up to a hundred. I am in the second half." Fair enough, and quite amazing.

His principles follow the lines of the saying that "you are what you eat." In other words, if you want your body to be in tip-top working condition—the sort of condition that is reflected in a radiant complexion, shining hair and clear eyes, you must give it the vital elements necessary to the system. Most important of these are the vitamins, mineral salts and proteins.

One of the outstanding things about Gayelord Hauser is his power to convince you that what he is saying is the truth. When he tells you that eating correctly, or incorrectly, is simply a matter of habit, you believe him, because there is not the slightest doubt that he believes it, too. "You can get out of even wanting the wrong things," he said. "So much so that if anyone offered me a slice of cake, I might take a crumb for politeness but I would far rather do without it."

A LITTLE book written by him called *Be Happier, Be Healthier*, and obtainable at Harrods, could with truth be regarded as a key to the secret of a youthful appearance, which springs from sensible scientific diet. Turning over the pages in the presence of the author, I felt convinced that here was something of enormous value to both men and

women. The thing that interested me most was the idea of an internal beauty routine, based on selecting the right foods for producing health and beauty from within out.

"LIVE Longer Vitamins" are an important factor, and these are all clearly set out so that you can see at a glance their different sources and how they affect various parts of the body. Certain vitamins react favourably on the skin, others on the teeth and the gums and the hair. Vitamin C, found in lemons, oranges and green vegetables, is specially recommended for avoiding wrinkles, while vitamin D, found in cod liver oil and all dairy produce, is necessary to assist absorption of calcium for bones and teeth and for avoiding rheumatism. It also induces relaxation and good sleep.

This is only a very small part of the useful information given in this little book, which includes a valuable page on diet for children, headed with some words which

appealed to me as being wise, "There are no problem children, only problem parents."

On other pages you will find reducing menus for a whole week, weight-gaining menus, the seven-day elimination diet, and various recipes. The whole fascinating subject—for those who are interested—is gone into still more fully in another book by the same author, called, I believe, *Look Younger, Live Longer*.

I asked Mr. Hauser what else, apart from diet, contributed to health and longevity, and he very promptly replied, "exercise and relaxation." The best form of exercise he thinks is walking, which brings all the muscles into play. This, of course, means brisk walking, striding out and swinging the arms until the whole body is in a glow. Another exercise he strongly recommends is that of drawing the stomach well in and up. "If you do this frequently," he says, "it becomes a habit, and in the end you form a natural corset."

RELAXATION is a "must," and two simple ways in which Gayelord Hauser suggests it should be done are as follows:

1. Flop forward from the waist with your head dropped down and your arms hanging loosely at your sides. Let the whole body just sag as if there were no bones anywhere, and do it for a few seconds whenever you feel tensed up, or have a moment to spare.

2. Relax the whole body in the "body slant" position (with the head lower than the feet) twice a day for fifteen minutes. This, according to "the Master," is invaluable for reasons which seem to me obvious and convincing. The spine, one of the main nerve-centres, straightens out, sagging abdominal muscles get a lift, the blood flows more freely to the muscles of the chin, throat and cheeks, and the brain is rested and cleared.

WHILE the "body slant" can be done by various makeshift means, such as propping the feet up on something, or tilting a long chair or couch, by far the best way of achieving the correct position is to get the board specially designed for the purpose. The slant relaxation board, together with special foods, books, electrical mixers and juices are all available at Harrods.

In conclusion, I should like to say thank you to Mrs. Lawrie Newton Sharpe, who made it possible for me to meet and talk with Gayelord Hauser.

—JEAN CLELAND





Peter Clark

from the Model Coats at

Copy of a Paris model in a toast shade
of pure alpaca trimmed Canadian beaver.

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1.

SOME RECENT ENGAGEMENTS



Lenare

Miss Julia Varley, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Neville Varley, of Lyndal Mount, Bray, Berkshire, has announced her engagement to Mr. Dennis Ralph Wallace, only son of G/Capt. R. W. Wallace and Mrs. Wallace, of Whiteoaks, Cannon Hill, Maidenhead, Berks



Pearl Freeman

Lady Rose Pepys, elder daughter of the late Earl of Cottenham, and of the Countess of Devon, of Powderham Castle, Exeter, is engaged to Mr. Angus Drummond, son of the late Mr. Charles Drummond and of Lady Caroline Drummond, of Chester Square, London, S.W.1



Miss Jane Drummond-Hay, eldest daughter of Major James and Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, of Seggieden, Perthshire, is engaged to Mr. Timothy Whiteley, youngest son of the late Brig. J. P. Whiteley, O.B.E., M.P., and of Mrs. Whiteley, of Mixbury Hall, Brackley, Northants



Fayer

Miss Bridget Ebbels, elder daughter of Brig. W. A. Ebbels, C.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. Ebbels, of Bubsplow House, E. Coker, Yeovil, Som., has announced her engagement to Mr. John P. R. Love, only son of Major and Mrs. P. A. Love, of Shelley Court, Tite Street, S.W.3



Lenare

Miss Sally V. Chalcraft, second daughter of the late W/Cdr. H. W. T. Chalcraft and Mrs. Chalcraft, of Marandellas, Southern Rhodesia, has announced her engagement to Mr. Christopher W. Forshaw, only son of Mr. D. W. Forshaw and Mrs. Forshaw, of Marandellas



Fayer

Miss Jennifer F. A. Williams, eldest daughter of Mr. Francis Williams, Q.C., and Mrs. Williams, of Denbigh, N. Wales, is to marry next month Capt. Ivan Wise Lynch, the Rifle Brigade, only son of Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Lynch, of Storrington, Sussex



the most important forty seconds in your day



No one knows better than Elizabeth Arden that your lipstick is the exclamation point that says you are you! . . . that a mere 40 seconds at your mirror points up your special personality and sets the stage for your intriguing moments. Elizabeth Arden has created 25 exciting shades in lipsticks with a vibrance, lustre and staying power beyond any you have ever used! From the first touch you will fall in love with the creamy texture as it smooths on . . . and then lingers, dewy fresh. Not too soft . . . not too hard, with just the perfect degree of indelibility!

Lipsticks, gilt case 10/6 Duet Lipstick (two shades in one holder) 12/- Jewelled Duet, gilt case, swivel-type holder 27/6

Elizabeth Arden
NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS



BY APPOINTMENT
MANUFACTURERS OF KNITTED GARMENTS
TO H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER

Pringle

make cashmere lovelier.

It's not only the name that

tells you it's a **Pringle**



THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S
Review



FAIRBAIN—JEBB

Mr. George Bailiffe Fairbain, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Fairbain, of Wreay Syke, Wreay, Carlisle, married Miss Joanna Jebb, daughter of the late Col. J. H. M. Jebb, and of Mrs. Jebb, of Swinbrook House, Burford, Oxford, at Burford Church



DENT—DELAP

Mr. Robin Francis Congreve Dent, son of Lt.-Col. J. R. C. Dent, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Dent, of Olivers, Painswick, Glos, married Miss Diana Louise Delap, daughter of Mrs. E. M. Delap, of The Old Farm House, Bishopstone, Bucks, and granddaughter of the late Sir W. Lawrence, at St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square



GREENFIELD—MILLAR

The wedding took place at St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, between Lt. G. G. Greenfield, R.N.R., son of the late Mr. E. G. Greenfield, and of Mrs. Greenfield, of Anerley Road, Anerley, S.E.20, and Miss K. B. Millar, daughter of the late Dr. Millar, of Glasgow



GRAHAM-WATSON—RYDER

Mr. James Graham-Watson, son of Capt. C. Graham-Watson, R.N., and Mrs. Graham-Watson, of Portman Close, W.1, was married to Miss Dione Ryder, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Ryder, of More's Gardens, Cheyne Walk, S.W.3, at the chapel of St. Mary Undercroft, Palace of Westminster



MURRAY-PHILIPSON—TILNEY

At St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, Mr. Robin Hyllton Murray-Philipson, son of the late Mr. H. R. Murray-Philipson, M.P., and of Mrs. Pen Lloyd, of Market Harborough, married Miss Catherine Cornelia (Nini) Tilney, daughter of Brig. and Mrs. R. A. G. Tilney, of Sutton Bonington, Loughborough, Leics

Continuing from page 157

The Art Of Coarse Motoring

and want you to trade in your car for a new one, every year. The present-day scarcity of good coarse American motor cars may be due to the alteration in the taxation rate. Before the war a good 30 h.p. limousine could be picked up very cheaply. The tax on it was high and there were few takers. But today, with a flat rate of £12 10s. applying to all cars however powerful, things are different. Which may well explain why the retired London taxi (£50 to £90 ex-rank) is today's most popular coarse model.

OCCASIONALLY one encounters an old taxi being driven with a hint of exhibitionism which is foreign to true coarse motoring, but on the whole it is a class

of vehicle which does credit to the art. Especially abroad where its whole demeanour, its proud look and its peculiar lock make the G.B. plate redundant and its owners (veteran taxis are rarely owned by one person) instantly welcome, for they have come to personify the indomitable spirit of the British, unperturbed by currency restrictions or purchase tax.

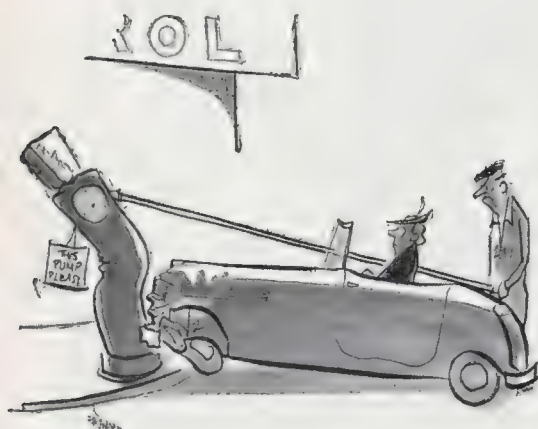
IT is abroad, perhaps, that the art of coarse motoring is found at its most rewarding, for it is characterized by a special kind of excitement and sense of adventure which it never has at home. Twice since the war, thanks to the kindness of friends and relations who have lent me their machines, I have been able to go coarse motoring on the Continent, learning numberless instructions by heart and promising to top up the battery once a week with *aqua distillata*.

But even with other people's coarse motors, the principle of the art does not alter. On the first return journey the radiator took to boiling fast; on the second return journey the radiator took to boiling fast. As usual, knowledge of the cause of the first boiling and its treatment was quite useless when applied to the second. *Plus ça change*. . . . If it didn't and weren't, it wouldn't be coarse motoring.

ST. GEORGE FRENGLAND, M.P.



"Never 'ad an M.P. before, 'ave we, Alf?"



ACAR driven by a woman stalled in heavy traffic. As she struggled to get the car started the man in the car behind her started blowing his horn impatiently. Presently the woman got out of her car and walked back to the fuming man.

"I'll toot your horn," she said, "while you see if you can start my car."

THE party over, the host offered to drive one of his guests home. It was a terribly cold night, and frost settled thickly over the windscreen. Twice there was nearly an accident, and the nervous guest tactfully suggested that it might help if the frost was cleared from the windscreen.

"That wouldn't help much," replied the driver. "Like a fool I've left my glasses at home!"

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

"**W**HY is your car painted blue on one side and green on the other?" asked the first man.

"Oh, it's a wonderful idea," said the second. "You should just hear the witness contradicting one another!"

THE billposter parked his motor van and set out on some local jobs. As he was returning he saw a man steal a petrol can from the back of his vehicle and bolt with it.

He naturally chased the thief, but before he could reach him the contents of the can had been shot into the tank of a car.

On being challenged the thief tried to bluff that he had just bought the petrol.

"Petrol be blowed!" cried the billposter, "that was my reserve supply of paste."

FOLLOWING an evening out the reveller's wife found him in the morning curled up inside the bath, clutching the ball from the top of a flashing road beacon.

"What on earth's the idea?" she gasped.

"Keep quiet, please," hiccupped her spouse.

"You know how we oysters hate being disturbed when we're making a pearl."

FATHER had had a very wearying day at the Zoo. After being asked dozens of questions by his small son about the lions, tigers, bears and various other animals, his patience was nearly at an end.

They came to the monkey house, and the little boy said: "Daddy, what are they?"

"I don't know," replied his parent wearily, "but by the look of the sawdust on the floor they're carpenters."

STANDING on a soapbox, the agitator was holding forth to a crowd.

"Take what you want in this life," he shouted. "If your family is hungry, raid a shop and take food for them, and take no notice of what anyone says. If your wife is cold and hasn't a warm coat, pick out the best fur coat you can see and ignore the consequences."

The rest of his speech was in this vein, and at the end he climbed down from his soapbox. The next words the crowd heard from him were: "Where's the so-and-so who's taken my bicycle?"

AN elderly Scots minister thought it advisable to marry.

Calling on one of his elders to inform him of his intention, he said: "You see, I'm an old man now and I cannot expect to be here very long, so I feel that when the end comes I would like to have someone to close my eyes."

"Aweel," replied the elder, "I've had twa, and I can tell ye they opened mine."



"Anything on the radio . . . ?"



By Appointment to the late King George VI. Manufacturers of Land-Rovers. The Rover Co. Ltd.



One of Britain's Fine Cars

THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED • SOLIHULL, BIRMINGHAM also DEVONSHIRE HOUSE • LONDON

and
now
the
405



A Brilliant New Bristol

Sophisticated, elegant and very fast, the new Type 405 is a superb blend of advanced scientific engineering practice and the traditional craft of the coach-maker. A town carriage, it will nevertheless carry four people in superlative comfort over great distances at sustained high speeds.

THE BRISTOL RANGE

403 Two-door Saloon
404 Two-door Sports Coupé
405 Four-door Saloon
405 Two-door Drophead Coupé
Arnolt-Bristol Sports Car
(Export Only)

BRISTOL



THE CAR DIVISION OF THE
BRISTOL AEROPLANE COMPANY LIMITED — ENGLAND
London Showrooms: 80 Piccadilly, W.1

H. A. FOX & CO. LTD.

Officially Appointed
ROLLS-ROYCE & BENTLEY
Retailers

Appointed retailers of
ROVER • DAIMLER • ALVIS
TRIUMPH & STANDARD
Cars



Special retailers of H. J. Mulliner Coachwork

3-5 Burlington Gardens
Old Bond Street, London, W.1
Telephone: Regent 8822



ROLLS-ROYCE
are supplied with
CHAMPION

PLUGS

because of their
dependability



CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG CO. LTD., FELTHAM, MIDDLESEX





The famous 3½-litre 'D' TYPE JAGUAR with disc brakes, now joins the Jaguar range



The JAGUAR *Range of Models for 1955*



THE MARK VII 3½-LITRE SALOON (Type 'M')

In the 1955 range of models Jaguar present not only added refinements but mechanical advances directly derived from unrivalled international experience in racing, record-breaking and endurance tests.

The elegant lines of the Mark VII remain unchanged but the famous XK engine now with high-lift cams has power output raised to 190 b.h.p. Increased diameter torsion bars give even greater riding comfort. New close-ratio gears increase performance in indirect ranges. New 'wrap-around' bumpers afford extra protection. Flasher type indicators, individually adjustable fog lamps and rear lights incorporating reflectors are among new features.

Sports models for 1955 include the famous Jaguar "D" type with disc brakes and dry sump lubrication. The XK 140 Fixed-Head close coupled 2-3 seater, the XK 140 Drop-Head 2-seater and the XK 140 Open 2-seater are powered by the XK 3½-litre engine now with high-lift cams—developing 190 b.h.p. (*Special equipment models are fitted with "C" type engines, wire wheels and fog lamps*). New features include:— Rack and pinion steering; close-ratio gears for higher performance in indirect ranges; robust 'wrap-around' bumpers; re-designed radiator grille, etc.

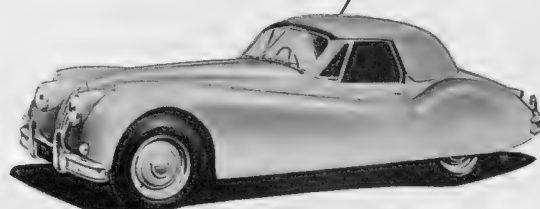


XK 140 FIXED-HEAD
2-3 SEATER

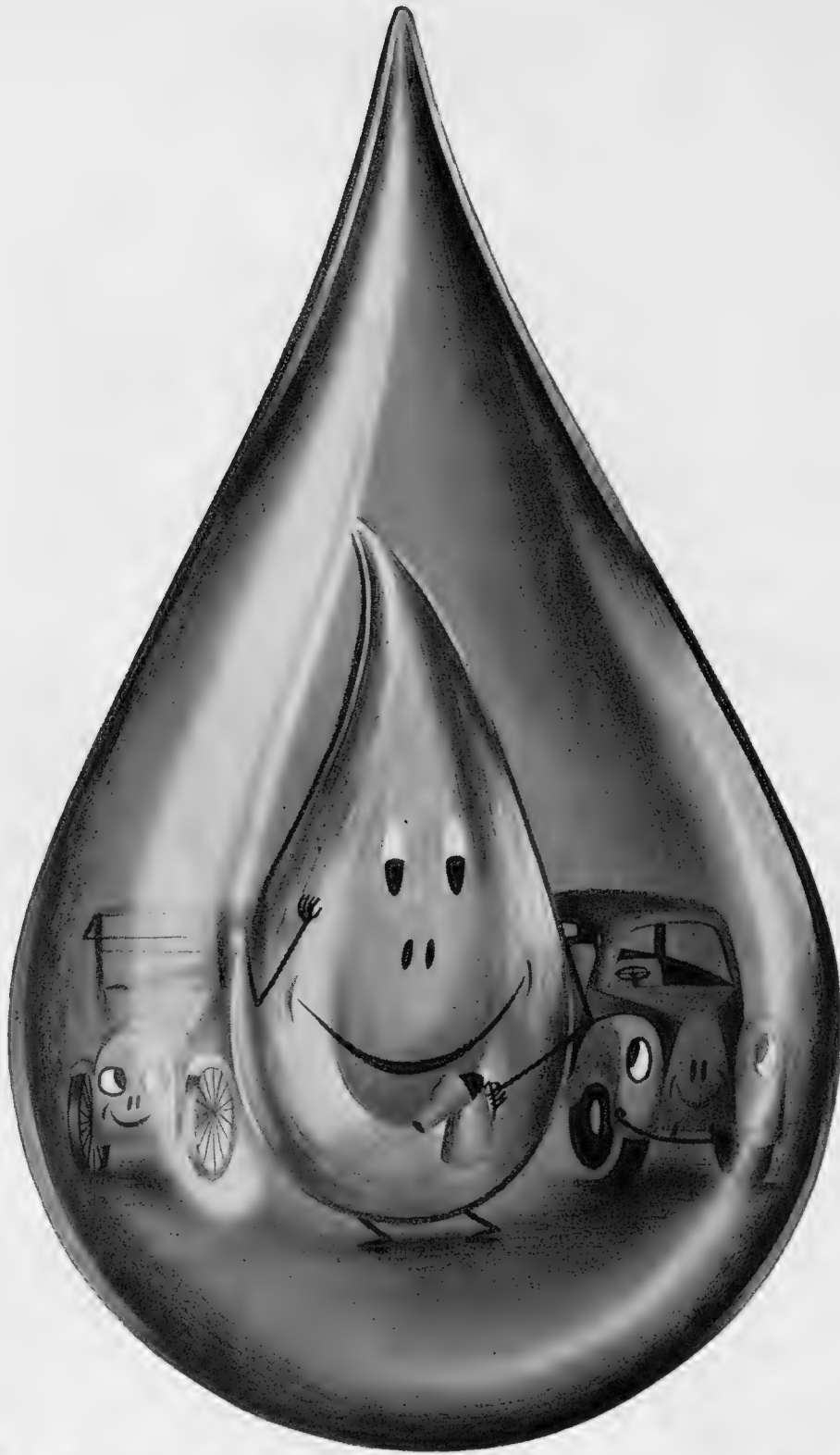


XK 140 OPEN 2-SEATER

**STAND 129
EARLS COURT**



XK 140 DROP-HEAD 2-SEATER COUPE
with 2 additional seats for children



Old friend or new
If you really care for your car
always use



ENERGOL

the SUPER oil

A PRODUCT OF ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY LIMITED, WHOSE SYMBOL IS THE BP SHIELD



STAND 145, EARLS COURT

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SHOW OCTOBER 20th TO 30th

The Standard Motor Co. Ltd., Coventry, England. London Showrooms: 15-17 Berkeley Sq., W.1. Tel: Gro 8181

STANDARD CARS · TRIUMPH CARS · STANDARD COMMERCIAL VEHICLES · FERGUSON TRACTORS



Power graced by elegance

The new Swallow DORETTI is a sports car de luxe styled on the classical Italian lines and providing the utmost in comfort and elegance. The 90 brake horse power 2 litre engine gives an exceptionally high performance coupled with outstanding economy. The car is fitted with a tubular chassis of special design to ensure the maximum stability while aluminium is incorporated in the bodywork to add lightness.

In the Swallow DORETTI the sporting motorist will find a car that will give him sustained power and performance for competition work, smooth comfortable driving for fast touring, plus the highest grade exterior and interior finish, including first quality hide upholstery, thick carpeting and leather covered sponge rubber moulding.

Swallow Doretti

EARLS COURT
STAND 134

Britain's new luxury sports car



The interior of the car is luxuriously fitted with leather covered sponge rubber moulding, first quality hide upholstery and thick carpeting.



Price £777 0s. 0d. P.T. £324 17s. 6d.

For name of nearest Distributor 'phone or write to:
THE SWALLOW COACHBUILDING CO. (1935) LTD.,
The Airport, Walsall, Staffs. (Walsall 4553).



Buy today... the car of tomorrow!

Sleek, swift and elegant, the Renault Frégate is a forerunner of the future. Mailed-fist power and velvet-glove performance make up its character. Economical too, the Frégate, thanks to its overdrive, showed a fuel consumption of as little as 31.5 m.p.g. at 50 m.p.h. in a recent 'Motor' Test.

This spirited and beautiful car carries six passengers and their luggage in cushioned comfort. Standard fittings include heater and air-conditioner,

dual fog-lamps, windscreen washer, thief-proof steering lock, etc.

Ask your Renault dealer to show you the Renault Frégate—the car of tomorrow!

POINTS TO NOTE

• 4-cylinder O.H.V. engine • Removable liners • Aluminium cylinder head • Independent 4-wheel suspension • Turning circle only 32 feet • All accessories standard—no extra charges • Full range of spares always available.

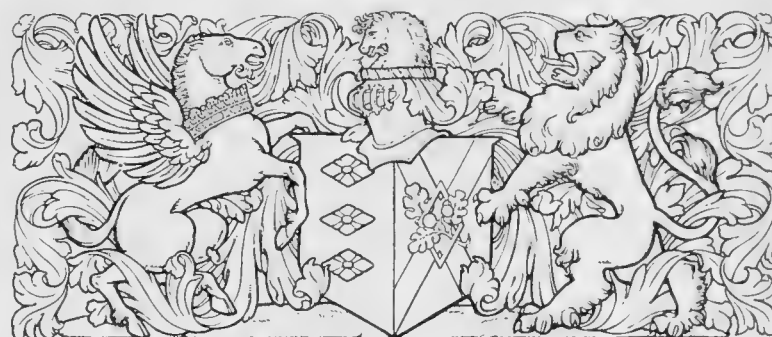
RENAULT
2 LITRE

Frégate

Distributors throughout the United Kingdom

RENAULT LIMITED Western Avenue London W.3 Showrooms: 21 Pall Mall S.W.1
Established in Great Britain since 1897

CVS-274



LEATHER UPHOLSTERY MAKES YOUR NEW CAR A LASTING INVESTMENT

Real leather is unique for its enduring comfort and luxurious appearance. So, even if this refinement involves a little extra cost, you will be more proud of your car and, when the time comes to re-sell, your good judgment will be more than rewarded.

"YOUR CAR AND YOUR COMFORT" is the title of a booklet on the virtues of leather upholstery and gives an up-to-date price list of cars that are available with leather upholstery. Write to: The Dressed Hide Leather Publicity Committee, Leather Trade House, Barter Street, London, W.C.1.

DAIMLER CARS TO SEE AT THE MOTOR SHOW

the new **REGENCY** *Mk II*



THE SWIFT IMMACULATE CAR FOR MEN OF AFFAIRS

On the Daimler Stand at Earls Court is the magnificent new Regency Mk II—a new *big* Daimler. Spacious and dignified yet manoeuvrable and fast, the Regency provides for five adults an extremely high standard of comfort. Every detail of engine, body and chassis design combines with fluid flywheel transmission to provide a quality of motoring that is incomparable.

The Regency is available with a 3½ or 4½ litre engine. The 3½ litre gives a cruising speed of over 70 with a top speed of over 80 mph. The corresponding figures for the 4½ litre are 80 and 90 mph.

The price of the 3½ litre model is no more than £2324. 9. 2 inclusive. See also, on the Daimler Stand, the New 4½ litre Sportsman Saloon (also on Mulliner's Stand) and the New Daimler 'Regina' 7-seater Limousine.

The Regency Mk II has the new Dunlop Tubeless Tyres fitted as standard equipment.

the brilliant **CONQUEST**

in its four versions



The Conquest Saloon

TRADITIONAL DAIMLER DIGNITY PLUS SENSATIONAL PERFORMANCE

Here is your finest opportunity to see the entire Daimler Conquest range—four cars which represent an outstanding achievement in motoring design—the successful marriage of Daimler dignity with a sensational brilliance of performance.

See the Conquest Saloon—the first car to ally dash to dignity for the medium price of £1066 plus £445. 5. 10 p/t. The 100 bhp

'Conquest Century'—with greater speed, bigger brakes and many refinements for £1172 plus £489. 9. 2 p/t. The Coupé, a fast touring convertible with power-operated drophead—£1225 plus £511. 10. 10 p/t. (On Car Bodies Stand). A new version of the Roadster with hard top will also be exhibited on Car Bodies Stand. Daimler fluid transmission is, of course, a feature of all these models.

THE DAIMLER COMPANY LIMITED, RADFORD WORKS, COVENTRY

You're "going
places" when you
fly like this—



Lower-deck lounge—B.O.A.C. "Monarch" Strato-cruiser

THE Monarch

between BRITAIN, U.S.A., CANADA,
and now EGYPT

Thrill to the luxury of travel royal—in four-engined fully-pressurized, *Strato-cruiser* comfort and spaciousness. Enjoy delicious meals and mealtime drinks, brought to you with B.O.A.C.'s compliments . . . and service that makes the "Monarch" first choice among transatlantic travellers.

"Monarch" transatlantic flights every night. Also regular "Monarch" service from London to Cairo.

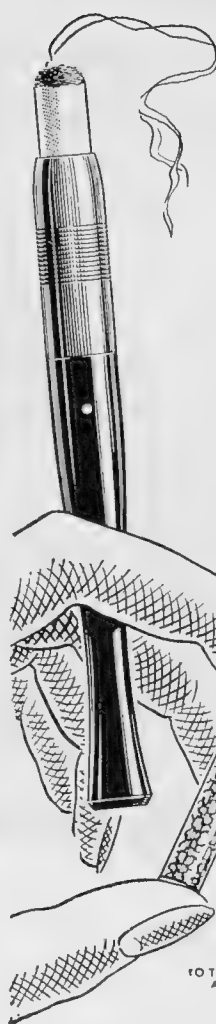
Transatlantic fares reduced from November 1st. until March 31st.

Consult your local B.O.A.C. Appointed Agent or B.O.A.C., Airways Terminal, Victoria, S.W.1 (VIC 2323), 75 Regent Street, W.1 (MAY 6611), or offices in Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham and Liverpool. (see your Telephone Directory for details.)

B.O.A.C. TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

FLY BRITISH BY B.O.A.C.

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION



More and
more people...

are discovering the amazing properties of the Dunhill crystal filter which not only effectively filters the smoke but cools and mellows it—adding infinitely to your enjoyment. With black, white or coloured mouthpiece
Silvium 17/6 Goldium 25/-



DE·NICOTEA
CRYSTAL FILTER
HOLDER

ALFRED DUNHILL LTD.
30 DUKE STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

Renowned for pipes, lighters, cigarettes and tobacco

The most comprehensive range in the history of caravanning.

A world-wide reputation backed by over 30 years' experience. Be sure you visit our

STAND No. 173 at the MOTOR SHOW



Write for Illustrated Leaflets giving full information. Export enquiries welcomed.

FCCLES

(BIRMINGHAM) LTD.
Department 122, Birmingham, 30

14'	A lert	MK VI
12'	B ounty	
10'	C oronet	MK II
16'6"	D emocrat	MK II
18'6"	E versure	
22'	F ortune	

GOOD TASTE deserves a

'Monument'

Ask for a 'Monument' if you seek a really fine Amontillado sherry of superb quality and maturity—available in leading hotels and bars and from wine merchants at 20/- a bottle. Monument sherry, with a taste and bouquet all its own, is specially selected and shipped from Spain.

If any difficulty write for name of nearest stockist to
JULIAN & TROWER LTD., 25, Laurence Pountney Lane, London, E.C.4.



Choosing your Brandy



V.S.O.P

Lovers of good brandy gladly pay a little more for a cognac which they know to be of superior quality. This is why they instinctively order Remy Martin V.S.O.P. They know it is made from grapes of unique quality found only in the *best* two areas of the Cognac district of France. They know too that Remy Martin produces *only* cognac of this superior quality.

REMY MARTIN
Pride of Cognac



By Appointment
Motor Body builders to the late King George VI
Hooper and Company (Coachbuilders) Limited

HOOPER

STAND No. 104

39th International Motor Exhibition

EARLS COURT

OCTOBER 20th to 30th 1954

Hooper Touring Limousine on Rolls-Royce Silver Wraith, design No. 8390
Hooper Touring Limousine on DK.400 Daimler, design No. 8413
Hooper Empress Saloon on Special Series 3½-litre Daimler, design No. 8402
Hooper Saloon on Rolls-Royce Silver Dawn, design No. 8401

In addition Hooper Coachwork is displayed on Daimler Stand No. 140 and Rolls-Royce Stand No. 172 and we have available for early delivery current Hooper designs on Rolls-Royce, Daimler and Bentley chassis.

At our St. James's Street showrooms, a Daimler Conquest Century is available for demonstration.

HOOPER & COMPANY (Coachbuilders) LTD

54 ST. JAMES'S STREET, PICCADILLY · LONDON · SW1 · TELEPHONE: HYDE PARK 3242

Distributors of LANCHESTER CARS

*Official retailers of ROLLS-ROYCE, DAIMLER
and BENTLEY*

*The Secret
is in the
Blending*

... a secret that gives
"Black & White" its
incomparable character,
smoothness and flavour. Have
Scotch at its very best by
calling for "Black & White."



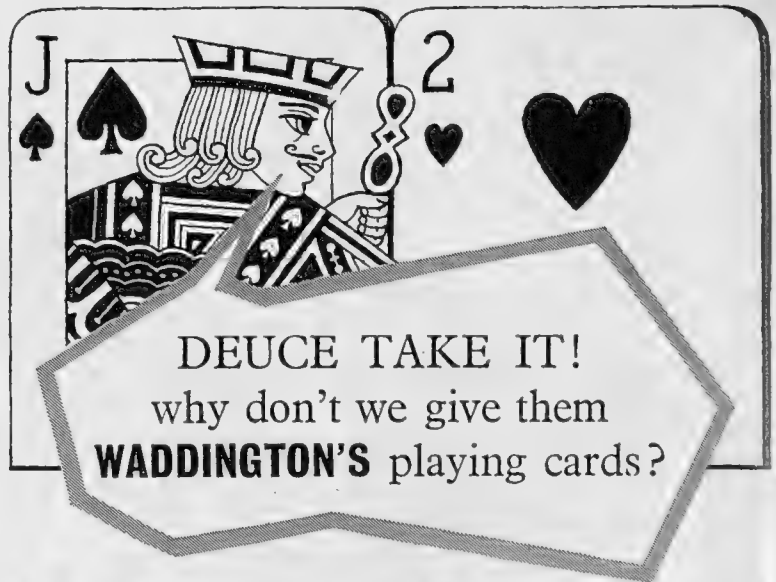
'BLACK & WHITE' SCOTCH WHISKY

By Appointment
to the late King George VI



Scotch Whisky Distillers
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

What did the knave say
to the two of hearts?



➔ **PLAYING CARDS** A wonderful assortment for Bridge, Solo, Whist, and all card games. Prices from 3/3d for a single pack to 14/4d for a handsome Twin Case, containing two packs Pictorial Playing Cards, tastefully boxed.

➔ **CALYPSO** The greatest card game of recent years. Contains four first-quality packs of Playing Cards, trump indicators, Calypso scoring pad, table layout, and the official laws. Most attractively boxed. Priced at 25/-.

➔ **CANASTA** Specially designed sets with real Canasta packs, rules, playing tray, scoring cards, 14/- . Other Canasta sets 11/6d and 7/6d.

WADDINGTON'S PLAYING CARDS ALWAYS PLEASE
From all Stationers, Stores, etc.

Switzerland for ideal WINTER HOLIDAYS

ADELBODEN

First-class family hotel. Own ice and curling rinks. Orchestra, bars. "All-in" terms from Fr. 26 on.

MÜRREN

Ideal for winter sports. Home of Kandahar Ski Club, Mürren C.C., etc. Own ice-rink, orchestra, social centre. Agencies or Manager John T. Affenranger.

WENGEN

(Bernese Oberland, 4,300 feet)

Leading hotel in the marvellous and unique skiing country of the Jungfrau region. Special "all-inclusive" rates January 10th—January 30th. Please book early. F. Bortler, Manager-Proprietor.

WENGEN

First class. Best situation, central and quiet; 3 minutes from station, facing Jungfrau. Bar, orchestra. The British Winter Sports centre in the Bernese Oberland. J. Reinert, Proprietor.

Melchsee

6,000 ft., 20 miles from Lucerne. Snow and sunshine. November—May no avalanches. Traditional hospitality. 10 days Fr. 176.

GLION

s/Montreux
2,100 ft.

Ideal sojourn at the **HOTEL VICTORIA**. 80 beds. Open year round. Modern comfort. Gill, bar. Board Fr. 23 and up. Mild climate. Incomparable view of lake and mountains. Winter sports.

HOTEL REINHARD

First class. Best situation, central and quiet; 3 minutes from station, facing Jungfrau. Bar, orchestra. The British Winter Sports centre in the Bernese Oberland. J. Reinert, Proprietor.

NEVADA PALACE

First class. Best situation, central and quiet; 3 minutes from station, facing Jungfrau. Bar, orchestra. The British Winter Sports centre in the Bernese Oberland. J. Reinert, Proprietor.

PALACE HOTEL

First class. Best situation, central and quiet; 3 minutes from station, facing Jungfrau. Bar, orchestra. The British Winter Sports centre in the Bernese Oberland. J. Reinert, Proprietor.

PALACE HOTEL

First class. Best situation, central and quiet; 3 minutes from station, facing Jungfrau. Bar, orchestra. The British Winter Sports centre in the Bernese Oberland. J. Reinert, Proprietor.

PALACE HOTEL

First class. Best situation, central and quiet; 3 minutes from station, facing Jungfrau. Bar, orchestra. The British Winter Sports centre in the Bernese Oberland. J. Reinert, Proprietor.

PALACE HOTEL

First class. Best situation, central and quiet; 3 minutes from station, facing Jungfrau. Bar, orchestra. The British Winter Sports centre in the Bernese Oberland. J. Reinert, Proprietor.

PALACE HOTEL

First class. Best situation, central and quiet; 3 minutes from station, facing Jungfrau. Bar, orchestra. The British Winter Sports centre in the Bernese Oberland. J. Reinert, Proprietor.

PALACE HOTEL

First class. Best situation, central and quiet; 3 minutes from station, facing Jungfrau. Bar, orchestra. The British Winter Sports centre in the Bernese Oberland. J. Reinert, Proprietor.

PALACE HOTEL

First class. Best situation, central and quiet; 3 minutes from station, facing Jungfrau. Bar, orchestra. The British Winter Sports centre in the Bernese Oberland. J. Reinert, Proprietor.

PALACE HOTEL

First class. Best situation, central and quiet; 3 minutes from station, facing Jungfrau. Bar, orchestra. The British Winter Sports centre in the Bernese Oberland. J. Reinert, Proprietor.

PALACE HOTEL

First class. Best situation, central and quiet; 3 minutes from station, facing Jungfrau. Bar, orchestra. The British Winter Sports centre in the Bernese Oberland. J. Reinert, Proprietor.

PALACE HOTEL

First class. Best situation, central and quiet; 3 minutes from station, facing Jungfrau. Bar, orchestra. The British Winter Sports centre in the Bernese Oberland. J. Reinert, Proprietor.

FOR A DAY OR A STAY IN LONDON—Select The WALDORF HOTEL

ALDWYCH WC2

'Twixt City and West End. Accessible to all parts. Superb cuisine, service and comfort. 500 modern appointed bedrooms, each with phone. Reasonable terms.

The venue for business and social meetings, receptions, etc. First class restaurant and grill-room.

Write for Brochure D



WIRES - WALDORFIUS, ESTRAND, LONDON
PHONE - - - - - TEMple Bar 2400



I love

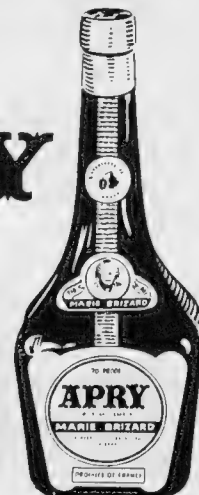
APRY

the liqueur of
the Apricot

Made by

MARIE BRIZARD

who also make the perfect Creme-de-Menthe-
liqueur of the mint!



The Caterers
with imagination
CITY CATERERS
(FUNCTIONS) LTD.

will be pleased to quote for
your cocktail party, reception,
ball or banquet



MONcrch 8191 (7 Lines)
133 MOORGATE . LONDON, E.C.2



YOU'RE THERE . . . BY SWISSAIR

Going to Winter Sports? You'll enjoy flying Swissair. Ask your Travel Agent for details of our regular services from London to Zurich, Geneva and Basle, and from Manchester to Zurich. From 18th December, the Night Tourist

Fares (tickets valid 23 days) are :—

LONDON/ZURICH - £19.7s. Return

LONDON/GENEVA - £18.4s. Return



SWISSAIR

126, Regent St., London, W.1. Also Manchester and Glasgow.



CRC 102

THE NATION'S
MEMORANCE



POPPY DAY

British Legion • Haig's Fund
Pall Mall • London • S.W.1

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S
DRY SACK
REGD.

The World Famous Sherry

SPAIN'S BEST



Now available
in **HALF BOTTLES**
— with stopper corks,
of course

DRY SACK (SHERRY) Shipped & Bottled by WILLIAMS & HUMBERT JEREZ & LONDON

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT LTD • 35 SEETHING LANE • LONDON • E.C.3

KYNOCH
of KEITH SCOTLAND

EST. 1788



**CLOTHS
SCARVES
• RUGS**

KYNOCH


28 OLD BURLINGTON ST. W.1.

*...in Paris
they drink*

PERNOD

*Pernod is
mixed with iced
water*

IT'S FRANCE'S MOST FAMOUS
APERITIF!



Enquiries to
the Sole Importers:
J. R. Parkington & Co. Ltd., 161 New Bond St., W.1.



THIS is the Gin...

... FOR A BLISSFUL

'GIN AND ITALIAN'

Of all apéritifs, Gin and Italian is perhaps the warmest-hearted; blended with Gordon's* Gin, this full-bodied and discreetly sweet appetizer is perfect indeed. Here's how: Mix $\frac{2}{3}$ GORDON'S with $\frac{1}{3}$ Italian Vermouth. Stir well and pour into a cocktail glass with a squeeze of orange peel or a dash of GORDON'S ORANGE BITTERS. Serve with a cocktail cherry.



*ASK FOR IT BY NAME

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

MAXIMUM PRICES: BOT. 33/9d · $\frac{1}{2}$ BOT. 17/7d · $\frac{1}{4}$ BOT. 9/2d · MINIATURE 3/7d · U.K. ONLY

And these are Gordon's too...

GORDON'S ORANGE GIN AND LEMON GIN

Not to be confused with gin and orange squash, these Gordon favourites are made in the traditional way with Gordon's Dry Gin, real oranges and lemons, and pure cane sugar. Best taken neat as a liqueur, but also most refreshing with Soda Water or Tonic Water if preferred.

BOT. 32/- · $\frac{1}{2}$ BOT. 16/9d · MINIATURE 3/5d.



The Englishman's* Guide to Smirnoff Vodka



The Island Race are among the world's most discerning drinkers. They are, however, notably conservative in their tastes, preferring to stick to what they know than experiment with alien beverages of doubtful potency. Believing, however, that Englishmen* should share in the pleasures of cocktail imbibers in other lands, we gladly provide a few facts about the world-famous Smirnoff Vodka.

1. Smirnoff Vodka is a smooth palatable drink, no stronger than your Gin, Whisky or Rum.

2. Smirnoff Vodka is today one of America's most popular drinks, where it is used as the blending spirit for new and established cocktails as well as for long drinks.

3. Smirnoff Vodka makes a most attractive drink taken straight "à la Russe," especially when accompanied by savouries.

4. Smirnoff Vodka is made in this country according to the traditional recipe used by Pierre Smirnoff, purveyor of Vodka to the Imperial Court of Russia.

Try Smirnoff instead of Gin in your favourite cocktail. Try a VODKATINI (Smirnoff Vodka and Vermouth mixed in your favourite proportions) and a SCREWDRIVER (Smirnoff Vodka and Orange Juice).


*To say nothing of the Scots, the Welsh and those of the Irish whose pleasures know no frontier



OBTAINABLE FROM ALL GOOD WINE MERCHANTS, CLUBS AND BARS

Ste. Pierre Smirnoff Fls., Oval Rd., Regents Park, London, N.W.1. Sole distributors in U.K., W. & A. Gilbey, Ltd

'Twas a full hour to the Spectacle at Drury Lane
and my Lady was greatly out of patience at the
wait. Bethought myself that a cup of *Grand
Chocolate* would most excellently pass the time.
So to Master Cadbury's CHOCOLATE HOUSE
at No 185 Regent Street where we beguiled
ourselves till a quarter past seven o' the clock when
it did close. And so to the play.


 A full-page photograph of a woman with blonde, wavy hair, smiling and looking upwards. She is wearing a long, double-breasted coat with a houndstooth pattern in shades of brown and tan. Underneath, she wears a light-colored, long-sleeved top and a long, flowing skirt in a vibrant mustard yellow. She is also wearing light-colored gloves and a large, ornate gold bracelet on her left wrist. A brown leather shoulder bag is slung over her right shoulder. To her left, a dark, round basket hangs from a vine against a textured, light-colored wall.

Getting around

Aquascutum coats are all for going places—they're born travellers. Witness this one, called *Point-to-Point*, in dog's-tooth check. Flash of the unexpected—a brilliant yellow or red fleecy lining. Also in Devonshire tweeds lined with tartan, 17 guineas. Or in a great variety of other tweeds, including hand-woven ones from Scotland, with a cosy camel-coloured fleecy lining, 14 guineas.

Aquascutum

LONDON: 100 REGENT STREET

MANCHESTER: ST. ANN'S SQ. • LIVERPOOL: 50 BOLD STREET

and at the best shops throughout the country, including:

ABERDEEN: Watt & Grant • BARNSTAPLE: Radford & Yeo • BELFAST: Thorntons • BIRMINGHAM: Lincoln Bennett, Rackhams
BOURNEMOUTH: Pool & Pool • BRISTOL: Macintosh • CANTERBURY: Morling • CARDIFF: Howells
DUMFRIES: R. Barbour & Sons • EDINBURGH: Jenners, Thorntons • GLASGOW: Lincoln Bennett, McDonalds • GRIMSBY: Guy & Smith
GUILDFORD: Harvey • HANLEY: Huntbach • IPSWICH: Gardiners, Grimwade • JERSEY: Louis et Cie
KINGSTON: Bentalls • LEICESTER: Marshall & Shelgrove • NEWPORT, I.O.W.: Gray • NOTTINGHAM: Griffin & Spalding
OXFORD: Webbers • PLYMOUTH: Pophams • TORQUAY: Cloud • WINCHESTER: Cliftons • WORTHING: Bentalls

For illustrated catalogue, and names of other stockists, write to Department T.A.,
Aquascutum, 100 Regent Street, London, W.1.

SHERRY BEFORE DINNER



**THE HOUSE OF SEPPELT
AUSTRALIA**

B. Seppelt & Sons Ltd. London Branch: 88 Cannon St. London E.C.4 Tel: MAN 2746